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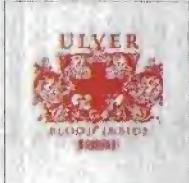
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ULVER

BLOOD INSIDE

Ulver - Blood Inside

The strange, stray birds of the black metal branch fly off into another metamorphosis. **Blood Inside** sees Ulver's evolution moving on a grand scale. **Blood Inside** offers more vocals, more variety and infinite interpretations. 9 surgically precise shapeshifts, performed with a wide array of instruments and unorthodox operational techniques. All hail the new Pope!

Black sheep? Never. Wolves prey upon sheep.

Written, performed and produced by Ulver, with a little help from legendary producer/mixer/artist Ronan Chris Murphy (King Crimson's preferred audio pilot). Includes a video clip.



Thine Eyes Bleed

Thine Eyes Bleed - In The Wake of Separation

Aggressive raw Thrash. Thine Eyes Bleed does not confine its songwriting to a single genre; they will never be typecast. The only rule: their songs must be brutal and unforgettable. "...this debut album is a journey through thrash heaven." - planetloud.com



Antimatter - Planetary Confinement

The saddest album of 2005. Antimatter moves toward richer, more organic textures with Planetary Confinement. Forsaking the electronic elements found on Saviour and Lights Out, natural string, piano and drum sounds form the foundation, with beautiful melancholy vocalizations provided by male and female vocalists. For fans of Portishead, Massive Attack, Pink Floyd and anyone that feels the weight on the world on their shoulders.



Peccatum - The Moribund People

Peccatum's second EP and fifth overall release offers three new recordings: The Moribund People, "A Penny's Worth Of Heart", and a unique cover of Bathory's "For All Those Who Died". Peccatum bravely continues to tread fresh ground with every new song a treasure for those demanding high-end symphonic avantgarde dark-rock.



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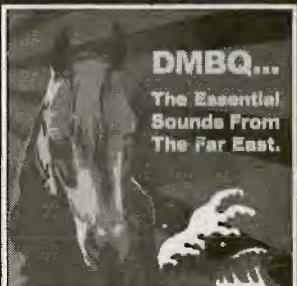
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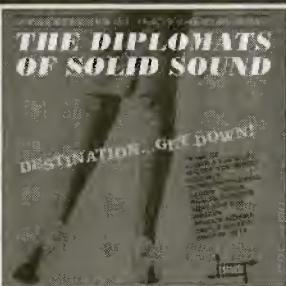
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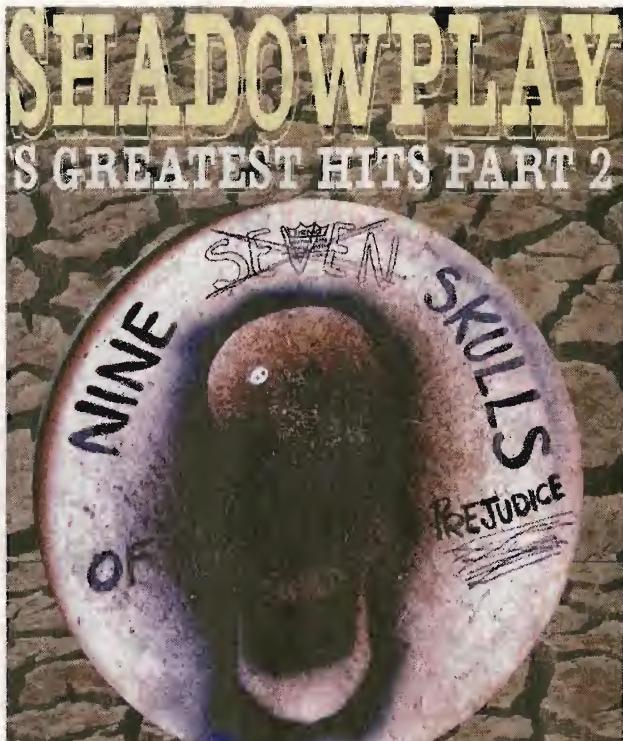
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About the creators of this month's cover...

JOSH STEADMAN-

Josh is a freelance illustrator with 6+ years working out of Salt Lake City. He went to art school and has a degree in Illustration and Entertainment Design. He has been involved in theme park design, layout design, animation, set design, storyboarding, and art teacher. Currently he is working as an illustrator for Jared Gold's The Black Chandelier and does freelance for SLUG. He can be contacted at josh@joshsteadman.com

CALEB WORNER-

Caleb is a pirate. He is the self-proclaimed captain of THE PIRATES OF 1986. After the graduation and resulting disassociation of '05, he took control and asserted himself as Fearless Captain Rufio (not the band, the heroic martyr of the infinite classic, Hook). Oh yeah, and he also does graphic design. If you would like to work with caleb, or merely exchange amusing pirate banter, please email him at: skakid36@yahoo.com

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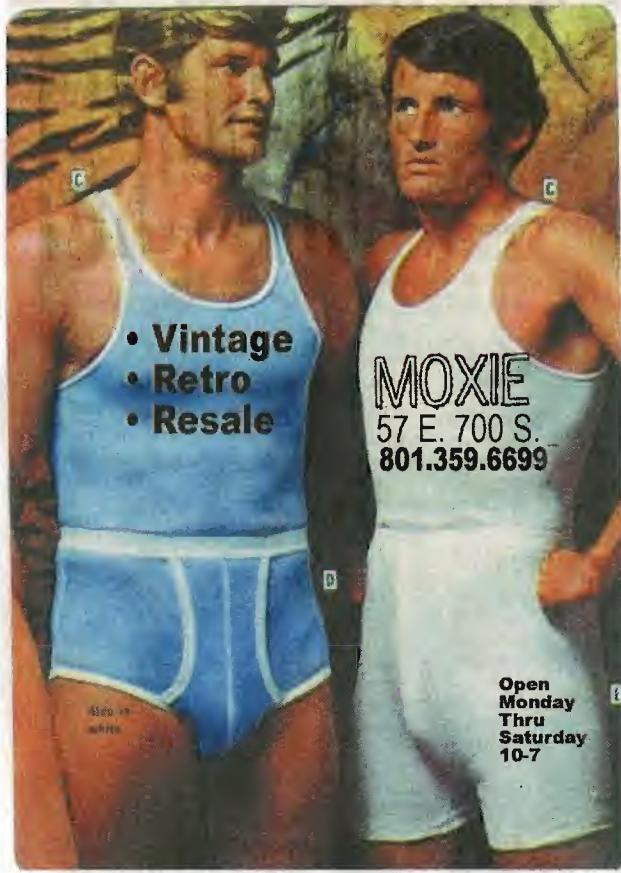
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Contributor Limelight



Ryan Shelton is the latest addition to SLUG's glorious crew of hard-working, sassy, illustrious, messed-up individuals. Ryan is SLUG's Office Coordinator, picking up where

Nate Martin left off after three years of employment. Ryan is a maintenance man at a grade school by day and a musician by night—he spends every ounce of his free time playing guitar and writing and recording music. He's also going to school for a degree in Communications. He knows more about music than most 20-year-old savants—at the ripe old age of 20—and his dour, dry humor and hard work ethic have earned him the grudging respect of the SLUG vets.



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deAR dICKHEADS,

Dear Dickheads,
I have heard a rumor that corporate stores around town, like Media Play, have threatened their employees with being fired if they are caught shopping at locally owned music stores. Apparently, these corporate pieces of shit have no qualms about sending their preppie-clothed, coffee-and-bagel-eating dumbshit "spies" into local stores. These "spies" come in with their little clipboards and totally bogus "I'm just seein' whatcha got!" attitude, then leave in about one or two minute's time, of course, with no CDs. These "undercover" idiots are about as inconspicuous as an undercover police car or George Bush "winning" the election again. I'm guessing they don't even know who Slayer or Skinny Puppy are, let alone anything more recent. What this all comes down to is that these corporate stores fear! Fuck you, Media Play! You'll never know real music—so send your spies, make your threats, and EAT SHIT!!! Fuck off and die now, please! Thank you!

—Outraged Store Dictator

Dear Outraged Store Dictator,
It looks like the corporate stores have you just when they want you, spreading their lies for them to the media and your friends.

Nice job asshole; start a rumor that may actually backfire on our own indie businesses by keeping those stupid Best Buy clerks from shopping at Orion's on their lunch break.

This blatant lie is illegal and obviously a total crock. What is your source for this information? The Internet? While I don't doubt the fact that corporate stores discourage employees from shopping at indie-based retailers (or anywhere else for that matter), paying secret spies to hangout at Modified in order to bust an employee for spending their hard earned minimum wage paycheck on a CD they don't even stock, is simply ridiculous. Stop being so fucking gullible and don't believe everything you hear, you fucking sponge!

On the other hand, I have heard of corporate stores raping each other using one another's marketing strategies, which in itself, is a highly entertaining concept. Last year, Media Play ran a promotion where for every 5 used CDs brought-in, that customer could trade those shitty 5 CDs for 1 brand new, plastic-sealed, non-promo, new release. That's right—bring

in your Green Day, Pearl Jam, Eminem, Smashing Pumpkins, and any other crappy CD you may have received as a gift from your little brother, and you can take home that BRAND NEW Nine Inch Nails, FOR FREE. I'm not sure who the dumbass was that thought-up this brilliant promotion for losing thousands of dollars but Warehouse Music retaliated by sending in their own employees to trade in the store's crappy used CD inventory in exchange for hot selling titles. Needless to say, Media Play finally realized how fucking retarded they were for running this promo, and it ended abruptly.

Dear Dickheads,
I hate how you guys think your so cool and the shit and every one licks your boots and like your the king of Salt Lake or some shit like that. I hate your attitude you guys better get a chill pill and stop acting like such egomaniacs and thinking you rule this town because its not true I can tell u right now. —Better than that

Better than that,
To quote one of my all time favorite LA punk bands, "I don't care about you, FUCK YOU!"

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LOCALIZED

Localized is a monthly showcase of local bands on the second Friday of every month at the Urban Lounge. This month LOCALIZED will take place on Friday, June 10, 2005. GAZA, WILL OPEN THE SHOWCASE.



His Red Letters

Matthew: Vocals
Dan: Drums
Fausto: Guitar
Mike: Bass

The band had me meet them at *In the Venue* before a show. Three bands (Gaza, Clifton and His Red Letters) setting up for a metalcore show is extraordinarily loud, so Matthew and I ventured into the back of the club until we found a spot wherein we could hear each other talking over the din.

Not only are most of the members of His Red Letters ridiculously young, but they've also only been a band together for a brief period of time. They formed in January of this year and began performing in April. This particular show which they are setting up for is actually the first show that they have played with other local bands. It is either the impending review by peers, or my own intimidating presence, which makes Matthew noticeably nervous.

"I think that smarter people know that hardcore is not metal; even if it's metalcore, it's not metal. But at first, when people are getting into the music, it's fine, and when they get more into it, they'll realize that there is a difference between hardcore and metal," Matthew says. I myself have been guilty of briefly confusing the two. I have yet to see His Red Letters play, so I asked Matthew what I would have seen had I witnessed an actual performance. "You would have seen four dudes who are really into what they're about and having a lot of fun. We're all Christians and we believe in God. That's the main reason why we are a band. We live in a Mormon state, and a lot of people don't know who God really is because of the Zion Curtain. We just want to play music and play what we believe."

Their band name is cryptic, or at least, I think it is. It refers to the way how, in many copies of the Bible, Jesus' words are printed in red to distinguish them from the rest of the text.

"We aren't here to come down and save everybody," says Matthew. They certainly don't seem that hubristic; instead, they take a soft-sell approach. "We encourage people just to believe in something, and not to live an empty life. If you want to be straight-edge, that's cool—then be the best straightedge you can. We just want people to do something positive. We encourage people to visit vivalarevolution.org."

By Camilla Taylor



Beyond This Flesh

Davey: Guitar
Jimmy: Guitar
Cody: Drums
Spence: Bass
Greg: Vocals

When I arrived at *Burt's Tiki Lounge*, Greta the bartender immediately directed me to the group of tall men in black T-shirts. When she said their band name, she deepened her voice ominously.

After a bit of coaxing and some swearing, they overcome their initial hesitancy and sit close to each other around a table. Nearly all of them immediately light up, and Jimmy, who is also smoking, commences a resonant hacking which continues unabated throughout the interview.

"Pure energy," one of them quips to describe their performance. Another simply raises the horns. "A lot of kids with horns in the air."

"We're straight death metal. We get lumped into being a hardcore band because of the bands we've played with in the past, but we're not hardcore at all. It's straight metal—a lot of melodic guitars, heavy vocals, nice low end, drums are killer. We play fast; a hardcore band goes for the slow breakdown, whereas our songs are quick and then they're over," Jimmy says in between hacking. "People who don't really like metal come to our shows and they leave knowing they've seen a good band, even if it's not what they're into."

If they played their album, they say, you would think that they were from Norway. A more concise description of Beyond This Flesh would be hard to pen. They even look like they are from Norway in their dark clothing and with every member besides Greg over 6'1".

"I was into metal before I got into punk, back when I was 12 or 13 years old," says Davey.

"Metal has stood the test of time. You've got grunge that comes and goes. You've got new-hype shit like the Vines, and that's going down the drain. New pop-punk are now playing bigger clubs, as opposed to the big stadiums they used to play. Anyone who says they were into punk before metal is a liar. Metal is your roots," Spence adds. Throughout this, Cody picks occasionally at the skin on his arms, which is falling off in large pieces. It seems perfectly reasonable that Cody and Jimmy would be in a death metal band. I ask them what the best performance thus far in their career has been. They describe the night before at *Lo-Fi*, with Clifton, Black Dahlia Murder, Behemoth and them. "There were so many horns in the air," they say.

www.myspace.com/beyondthisflesh

www.beyondthisflesh.com



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ZUHRA

By Astara



ZAKIYAH

The first time I watched Zuhra Zakiyah dance, I was at the Athenian in Ogden. Performing to a Hossam Ramzy piece of music, I was immediately impressed by her heartfelt interpretation of the music and her commitment to the art form—a commitment to professionalism and authenticity. She possesses a grace and delight in the dance that can only come with knowledge and intelligence. A beautiful dancer, she is also a beautiful person. When Nikia of Whispering Sands became ill last year, Zuhra took over and kept her classes going and performing. Like I said, a beautiful person and obviously, a great friend.

Zuhra Zakiyah, which means "Woman of Sharp Wit" in Arabic, moved to the Wasatch Front from San Francisco in 1983 to start her own business and raise a family. Six years ago, she began studying raks sharqi with Moshara Rabia, and most recently, with Nikia and Aja. Today, Zuhra Zakiyah is the assistant director of the Whispering Sands Dance Company.

Zuhra Zakiyah resonates best with the ethnic

folkloric style of Middle Eastern dance, but she also loves Egyptian Cabaret. Hadia and Morocco are her favorite dancers, each epitomizing her favorite styles of dancing. She has taken workshops with both and is a self-proclaimed "workshop addict."

"In a three-day workshop in Canada, Hadia taught us all of the instruments used in Middle Eastern music and how to interpret them. Each instrument requires a specific type of movement. Our bodies are instruments of the music through the dancing. I now really hear what the instruments are telling the dancer to do; for instance, the quanoon requires a light shimmy, and the nay flute is very floaty and up."

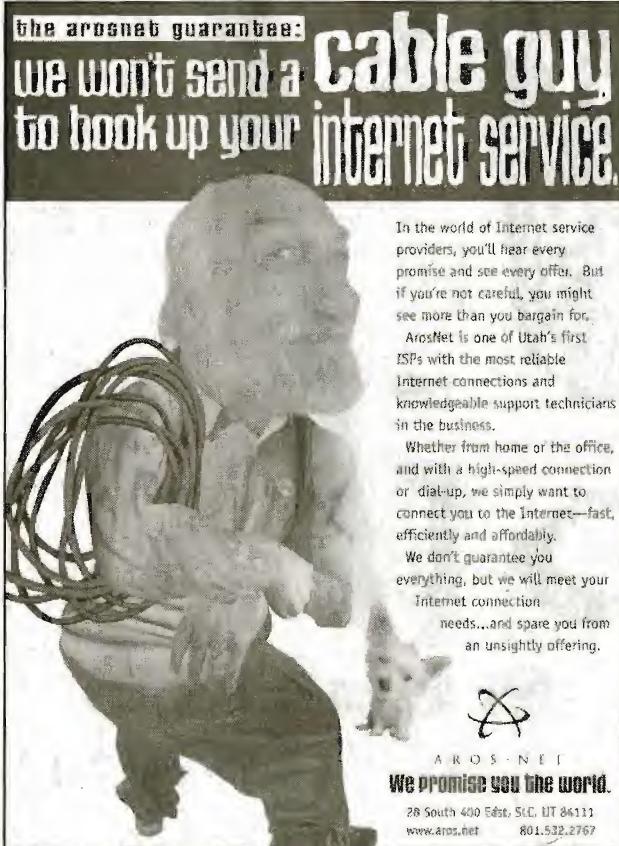
"What I love about Middle Eastern dance is that there is so much information available and you can learn so much about the varied cultures, history, regions and dances. It is like the music—multilayered. The more you learn, the more you discover that you don't know. It is the perfect never ending hobby. There is always more to research and learn."

"I spent the millennium eve in Egypt and fell in love with the culture. How Egyptians regard belly dancing is very different than in the United States. I believe Americans have taken belly dancing, or raks sharqi, and elevated it into the art form it is and deserves to be. It takes great determination to learn Middle Eastern dance."

"Utah is a great place. Our belly dance community is so special and so big compared to other cities. Our dancers are being recognized nationally, and we have many opportunities available to us. The bar has been raised in Utah. Our quality, experience and knowledge of Middle Eastern dance have truly increased in the past few years. I love it!"

Zuhra Zakiyah will perform with the Whispering Sands Dance Company at This's Virginia Show June 11 and solo and troupe performances at the **Utah Belly Dance Festival** in August. She also performs regularly at Ogden's Athenian Restaurant. 

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KOLOBO

Versified Street Life Reinventing Bar Rock Hype: An Interview with The Hold Steady's Craig Finn

By Nate Martin

I was doing a lot of drugs when I first heard the Hold Steady's debut release, *Almost Killed Me*, in January 2004, and I was enraptured. I thought, "These guys are brilliant—they live the crazy drug lifestyle and use their experiences to produce this unbelievable art that people like me can really relate to. Wow!" Since then I've cleaned up my act and discovered that Craig Finn makes up most of the vibrant stories he sings about in first person, channeling what he sees around him into powerful narrative. I've also realized that doing drugs isn't nearly as cool as I once thought

it was, and thinking about the incredible artistic and observant prowess Finn must harness in order to create the worlds he talks about, I am still enraptured, and I still think it's brilliant.

"Coming up with this stuff—it's not complete fiction; it's not coming out of nowhere," Finn told me in an April interview. "It's taking things from my life and people I know and making characters out of them. I'd rather do that than sing about my feelings." There aren't many feelings mentioned in any of Finn's lyrics, either with the Hold Steady (from Brooklyn) or his former

Minneapolis-based band, Lifter Puller, but this is not to say they don't invoke emotion. His use of reoccurring characters and settings invites the listener to take residence in his songs and become directly engaged with what he's saying. Think of him something like a Springsteen/Burroughs cross who's been in the bar/party scene for nearly two decades and has seen exactly what all you kids have been up to: "One thing that you realize is that some of these things are universal. The drug parties I was at when I was your age probably weren't entirely dissimilar from the ones you were at. Assuming that, I think that's somehow how we end up connecting to people."

Finn's ability to witness and depict the exhilarating highs and terrifying lows inherent in young, wild life and then to

escape unscathed to tell about it eloquently has helped make him one of the absolute best lyrical storytellers I, and many others in the music critic world, have heard in a very long time. But, as Finn points out, as journalists, we might be biased. He says, "In general, I'm blown away by the critical acclaim that *Almost Killed Me* got and I think there's a couple reasons for it. One is that there's a lot of words in our stuff, and journalists work with words and tend to be attracted to them—that's what they chose as their occupation. The other thing is I think that, like us, in reacting to some of this retro new-wave dance punk stuff, maybe there was sort of a nod in agreement. The people who cover music for a living could be saying, 'Yeah dude, I'm sick of this shit, too.'"



The critical acclaim Finn speaks of includes, but is certainly not limited to, topping all of the 2004 *Rolling Stone*, *Magnet* and *Spin* "Top Ten Albums You Didn't Hear" lists. I asked Finn if this is a strange position to be in. He said, "It's funny. It seems like one of those things you'd show to your dad and he'd say, 'Well, why didn't anyone hear it?' But again, when you're on Frenchkiss Records and you're competing against Radiohead, then you understand you're not on the same level. For example, *Spin* invited us to play their party at South by Southwest, and they put us on second, after a band called Louie XIV, who are on Atlantic Records. I thought, 'They're on Atlantic, and yet they're opening up for us. Let's see how long this lasts.' Sure enough, Atlantic called up and told *Spin*, 'We pay thousands of dollars to advertise in every issue and blah blah blah.' But we were prepared. We agreed

but said, 'Well, we want an ad for our record in your next issue then.' So basically we were bumped slots and ended up with a 10- or 15,000-dollar ad. So there's still two different levels, and when you're talking about the record that no one heard, you're talking about that."

Separation Sunday came out on May 3 on Frenchkiss and is the Hold Steady's second release. Like *Almost Killed Me*, it's snide, intelligent bar rock crammed with elaborate rock riffs, heavy backbeats, tales of debauchery and iconic American pop references. As Finn mentioned, it's completely reactionary to the "Brooklyn sound" that has dominated his neighborhood for the past few years on the coattails of bands like Liars. He says, "That's kind of why we started the Hold Steady—listening to all this new-wave/retro dance punk stuff that was coming out and just being like, 'This is actually kind of terrible. None of these bands are as good as The Replacements,' a band that I

grew up watching that meant a ton to me—and all it was was two guitars, a bass and drums and some good songs."

At the same time he battles against what he sees as the unsatisfactory scene around him, Finn is simultaneously fighting to revive an element that exists in the core of rock n' roll—danger. He says, "Thinking about the stuff in rock n' roll that has really moved me, listening to the Replacements and the Rolling Stones, there was always an element of danger. Even something like Cat Power or quiet like Elliot Smith is way more dangerous ... well, that ended up doing Elliot Smith in ... than Death Cab for Cutie. Emo brings up something like, 'Wow, they're really nice guys and approachable,' but that's not really what I want out of music."

Finn's sword in this fight is his pen as he writes songs painting pictures of treacherous underworld drug life where a secret handshake can score you a bag of whatever's going to get you the highest—or end you up in the hospital. Generally, as soon as drugs are mentioned in a rock song, it's perceived as glamorization. Finn couldn't deny that he's been guilty of this a few times, especially while writing songs for Lifter Puller (i.e., "I was kissing on some crackhead/Said he knew about a party/Keeps it in his mouth in those crazy chipmunk cheeks/I gave him \$50 and kissed me—spit a little treat between my teeth").

"One thing that you realize is that some of these things are universal. The drug parties I was at when I was your age probably weren't entirely dissimilar from the ones you were at..."

but it's not necessarily intentional, and it seems as he's growing up a bit, he's coming to terms with his responsibility as an influence himself: "One of the things I wanted to do with the Hold Steady is to make it a little more positive—you don't want to give people the wrong idea. I was at a Lifter Puller show and these kids came up to me and said, 'Dude! Dude! Craig! We're on ecstasy!' And I was just like, 'I don't know if that's such a good idea.' I mean, that's definitely not my thing—I've taken it and felt like I was going to die, so I wouldn't really want to recommend it."

By listening to Finn's music, one might be able to sense his broad range of artistic interest, which the enthusiastic tone in his voice during this interview certainly affirmed once we stumbled upon the topic of hip-hop. He says, "The Rhymesayers label is really inspirational to me. POS is a new guy on that and I just did a cameo on his record. It's really not too far off from what I do in the studio—have the songs written first and then I come in and do the lyrics on top of it. He just recorded this song and I went in and did a verse. It was great. The verse I did was about the one movie I've ever walked out on in my entire life that I paid for—*Predator*. I talk about the irony in it that Jesse Ventura and Arnold Schwarzenegger both went on to become governors."

Separation Sunday came out on May 3 (www.frenchkissrecords.com). ☺

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CUTB

Lemme just start this article out by saying, that my intention in writing this piece was to write a story about **Joe McQueen**—interview him and get him to tell me one of his infamous stories, either about some unusual gig or some other candid moment in the life of an Old Jazz Man such as Joe.

For those of you who have no idea who Joe McQueen is, it's probably because you either A. Live in Salt Lake or B. You don't read the paper. Joe McQueen is an Ogden legend as well as the recipient of numerous awards from multiple governors, Congressmen, mayors and other various community organizations. He has appeared on KRCL 90.9 FM and has had numerous articles written about him in the *Standard Examiner*, *The Salt Lake Tribune*, even the *City Weekly*—(the latter being my most favorite, by the legendary MIA music writer **Bill Athey**.) Google the guy's name and you can find a number of sites and links about him; pretty wild for someone who has never even used a computer. He is soon to be 86 years old, and on the June 10, he and his wife Thelma will be celebrating their 61st wedding anniversary.

I called Joe on the phone to tell him that I have been given an assignment by the executives of *SLUG Magazine* to try and write an article about him. For those of you who don't know, Joe and I have been good friends for about the last eight years. We've gone to Wendover together, laid concrete together and painted his house together, among other things. Joe's also a hell of a mechanic who has fixed my car numerous times. I played on his first CD; Joe's even held my hand at the doctor's office when I was too afraid to go by myself (an admittedly pretty wild sight, seeing a 30-year-old white guy holding hands with an 80-year-old black man in the doctor's office, but that's the kind of guy he is).

To be honest, I feel like the white grandson he never had and to me,

he feels like the black grandfather I always wanted. I never in my wildest dreams thought that I would consider somebody who's 80+ years old to be one of my best friends or that I would even call him up to go do stuff on my days off, but Joe isn't some old dusty jazz guy. He has taught me numerous valuable lessons about what it is to be a man and musician; in some ways, I feel like we have a shared bond of both being 25th Street musicians. I can say in all honesty, there isn't anything you can't talk about with Joe McQueen or at least, there isn't anything that I can't. Which leads me into my current predicament. So I call Joe up on the phone and I tell him ...

SLUG: Hey man, I was wondering if you would do me a favor?

Joe McQueen: What's that?

SLUG: Well, I gotta write an article for *SLUG Magazine* and they asked me if I would write one about you; you think you could give a story that you've never told me before that would be appropriate to print?

JM: Unh-uh, no-way, Jose.

SLUG: What?

JM: I said NO. I tell you, Brad, there's been so many damn people coming around here wanting to get me to tell them a story so they can write it for some newspaper or for some assignment they're working on for their PhD or for some such and such thing, and to tell you the truth, I'm kind of getting embarrassed. Every time I go out, somebody says, hey, I saw you in the paper and such and such. It's just that I'm getting just a little bit tired of everybody making a big deal out of me; I'm just a man like you who puts my pants on one leg at a time.

SLUG: Joe, you've got to accept the fact that you're a legend and that people love you and our music and that most people find your life's story to be amazing.

JM: Brad, the only thing I have to do in this world is stay black and die.

SLUG: Joe, you gotta realize something. I'm gonna tell you something that maybe you don't know yet, and if you haven't figured it out before this, then I'm glad to be the first one to tell you.

JM: What's that? (Laughing)

SLUG: By default, you are now a role model and example to every musician that comes into contact with you, no matter what their genre is. I don't know many other musicians in the state of Utah or for even that matter, the USA, that are over the age of 80 and play the way that you do—you don't play like you're a museum piece; you play like you're still hungry. Just by the mere fact that you're alive and that you actively gig gives somebody like myself the faith and belief that if I want to be a musician up into my 80s, then as long as I make it that far, then I can do it, too. I've learned from you that old is as old does. Joe, last month or so, you had something like five gigs all in one week; do you know how many people my age play five gigs a week? Well, there ain't that many.

JM: (The phone gets quiet for a second) Well, I never strived to generate all this attention that I'm getting, I just did it because that's where I got my enjoyment from. I never wanted to be a legend; all I

ever wanted to do was make music and use the talents that the good Lord gave me.

SLUG: Well, by default, you are a legend, and the fact that you're so damn humble only makes it worse for you, Joe, because the more you deny that you're a legend, the more people feel the need to tell you you are. So you wanna tell me a story now?

JM: Still, no. (Laughs)

Joe is one of the strongest/toughest guys I know; I swear to God he could kick the shit out of half of 25th Street on a Friday night if he wanted. Don't ever even think about arm-wrestling the guy, because he'll probably kick your ass and then make you feel bad that you even thought you could beat an 80-year-old. But deep down inside, Joe is the most humble and sincere man I have ever met. He never played music to be famous or a legend; he did it because he felt God gave him the talent and that he should use it. All he ever wanted was just to be able to live in peace, pay his bills and play his horn. Reluctantly, he has inherited a title as a "legend," but in my opinion, never has there been somebody that I know of who is more deserving of such a title. So if you see Joe, don't tell him you read this article (because he told me not to write it), and whatever you do, don't call him a legend to his face; just keep it a secret between me and you. 

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Usurper

Cryptobeast

Eraache Records

Usurper started out as a band called The Dead Youth, a very unpromising grindcore band.

Since then, they have reformed as essentially a faster, heavier version of Celtic Frost. Usurper have endured a few lineup changes since the release of their first few records, and it seems as though they have now lost all traces of that "Celtic Frost vibe" that was so strong in all their past material. I would have to say that, overall, this is a pretty crushing record, but I've heard better from these guys. But this is better than a lot of the market-saturating death-and-thrash bands coming out these days.

Enthroned

XES Hareticum

Napalm Records

Ah, Enthroned ... one of the best and most underrated black metal bands around. While most BM bands annoy me with their vocalists constantly screeching into the microphone, Enthroned's vocalist is actually the focal point of the band for many people. The band has learned that light-speed fast all the time isn't the key to success. Instead, they opt for some

slow breakdowns, which are very dark and heavy, lending to the overall success of this album in The BUTCHER'S ears. The biggest surprise is the odd vocal arrangements of the title track.

Winter Solstice

The Fall of Rome

Metal Blade Records

Ooh, tricky—I thought by the title and statue on the cover, this would be gothic metal or power metal, but it's just another piece-of-shit screamo metalcore band. Fuck this waste of plastic. And I wish these fags would stop trying to trick people into thinking their CDs are other genres with names, titles and artwork, when it in fact belongs to one specific genre—SHIT. With these continuous metalcore signings, Metal Blade should just change their name to Screamo Edge, or something like that. Cyanide caplets must be slipped into Brian Slagel's coffee, NOW!!! Remember the Metal Massacre comps? I didn't think so ...

Death Du Jour

Fragments of Perdition

Golden Lake Productions



With a silly name like that, you would expect these guys to sound like *Lawnmower Death* or something, but instead, it's Finnish death metal, the old-school way—fucking heavy and fast. If you are into *Drawn and Quartered*, *Mortician*, *Centinex* or anything in between, you should own this release! Very old-school death metal, so you know it's going to be better than 98 percent of the junk that's out these days!

Anal Vomit

Demoniac Flagellations

From Beyond Productions

The name Anal Vomit makes one expect this band to be yet another ridiculous gore-grind band—not so! Instead, you get rabid, old school, thrash-inspired war metal! And it's damned good. Only problem: The singer likes to play live and pose in band photos with no pants. That is a problem, but just ignore the cover and you'll be okay ...



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Gig-Poster Girls:

By Mariah Mann Mellus

Paper Dolls to Exhibit at
the Women's Art Center
June 17

The concert poster has a history as long and colorful as the musicians themselves. First being referred to as a "bill," the announcement would read from lesser-known musicians to the more notable or headlining bands. From the 1920s to the 1950s, the concert posters scattered along storefronts, vacant buildings or telephone poles were ranked among radio promotion for its efficiency. The 60s brought concert posters to the forefront of the concert experience, due in part to the elaborate designs and the need to remember who was on the bill (after the LSD kicked in, obviously). The posters created during this movement made the transformation from information to collector's item, and now, a recognized form of art.

In the last three years, local artist and printmaker Leia Bell has become a well-known concert or "gig poster" creator through posting her work on GigPoster.com, having a booth at the annual SXSW Flatstock Convention and being featured in a six-page spread in Paul Gruskin and Dennis King's book *The Art of Modern Rock*. Through these experiences, Leia was introduced to an array of gig-poster artists, many of them women from all over the world. Following up with those connections, Leia has put together an amazing menagerie of women artists who specialize in gig-poster work.

Sara Turner started as a screen-printer along with her husband. Always admiring and collecting music and art, combining the two seemed natural, so she credits receiving a Jay Ryan *Shellac* poster from her husband as the inspiration to expanding her career. You can also check out her new comic books at www.mlatcomics.com.

From Bordeaux, France, Tanxxx is another artist turned poster creator/comic book illustrator. Her first comic book, *Rock Zombie*, was just released. Tanxxx specializes in many different mediums in order to "make fun work and to make work fun."

Netalie Gvirtz, at the age of 18, worked in graphic design for several magazines in her home of Tel Aviv, Israel. A year later, in 1999, she co-founded Israel's first indie label, *Fast Music*. In 2000, she opened a club and began designing concert posters and flyers. She recently moved to Barcelona, Spain, and wrote her first novel.

Amy Jo Hendrickson found herself, like a lot of artists, with a fancy art degree and no way to make money. She liked rock shows, she liked art, so she put the two together. Amy's work can be seen in *The Art of Modern Rock* book on p. 482. She will be in the upcoming book *Panda Meat*, compiled by Frank Kozik.

Eleanor Grosch graduated from South Florida in 2002 and started *Pushmepullyou Design*, a Philadelphia-based studio where Eleanor specializes in screen-printed posters, printwork, CD packaging and web design.

Elizabeth Dagger of Electrofork hails from Brooklyn, N.Y. A graphic-design alumni from Pratt Institute, she really enjoys making stuff, but alas, hates writing bios. I'm sure the art speaks for itself, so for more info on Elizabeth Dagger, you'll have to visit www.electrofork.com.

Anna Hellsgard currently resides in Berlin and co-manages *Bongout*, a design firm that focuses on silk-screening, record covers, gig posters, avant-garde art books, street art and installations, as well as music.

The best press release I have ever received comes from Zeloot. Maybe it's the humor in Rotterdam (Netherlands) but I had to laugh while reading Zeloot's statement. "Why posters? I like the street. Squeezing out more drawings than pimples, I slowly get used to the idea that I'll never become as famous as Jesus. Inspired by everything that is already done before and distracted easily, I wander between old advertisements, Japanese graphics, Renaissance sculptures, comics and work from anybody who doesn't take themselves too seriously." Her philosophy: "Shut up and draw." I say, bravo, Zeloot!

Tara McPherson was also one of the artists featured in the *Art of Modern Rock* chronicle. Her work is possibly the most well-known in this group of very talented young women. While in college, Tara interned at Rough Draft Studios and worked on Matt Groening's *Futurama*. She has been featured in such magazines as *International Tattoo Art*, *Skratch*, *DC Comics*, *Punk Planet* and *Burnout*, to name but a few! Tara's poster work includes *Modest Mouse*, *Air*, *Death Cab for Cutie*, and *Duran Duran*.

Kelsey Dugan, who currently lives in New Jersey, visited *Kilby Court* two years ago while in Salt Lake. She and a friend were doodling when she met Phil Sherburne, the owner of the venue. The girls asked if they could add the drawings to the collection on the wall. Phil was intrigued by the work and asked if Kelsey would like to do a few gig posters. After meeting with Leia, a new career was launched. Kelsey acknowledges that being a part of the youth and music subculture equation is what makes these posters. "I don't think too much about how the band matches the poster ... I just draw whatever's in my head until something hits me the right way and then I go with it," she says. One night, 11 amazing women and hundreds of concerts—this show should not be missed! The show, titled *Paper Dolls*, will be hosted by the Women's Art Center at 345 W. Pierpont Ave. in conjunction with the June 17 *Gallery Stroll*. That night there will be a \$10 entry fee to view the show. For all of SLUG's gallery picks, visit www.slugmag.com SUPPORT LOCAL ART!

Amy Jo
Hendrickson

Anna
Hellsgard

Connie



Eleanor Grosch

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by ryan michael painter rien@davidbowie.com

Over the past few weeks, I have had various friends ask for my opinion on the recent deluxe reissues of The Cure's *Three Imaginary Boys*, *Seventeen Seconds*, *Faith* and *Pornography*; simply put, the re-mastering alone is worth the price of upgrading. Lost are the days of having to turn the stereo all the way up, adjusting the bass and pulling back the treble just to get a sense of how the songs were meant to sound. I still recommend turning it all the way up, not out of necessity, but simply because even the subtle bareness of *Seventeen Seconds* and *Faith* are best experienced as an overload of the senses. Of the four, *Pornography* has been given the best treatment in both sound and unreleased rarities (the majority of the rarities featured on the other albums have been available on cassette or vinyl for years). From the opening kick of "One Hundred Years" to the distorted wails of "Pornography," the thundering bass and drums finally match the intensity of the guitar and vocals. Then again, the "Primary" studio outtake from *Faith*'s rarities is worth the price of admission and the "10:15 Saturday Night" home demo is essential ... Just buy the lot; it's really the best thing to do. Do take note, however, that "Killing An Arab" has been completely omitted; perhaps Smith considers it his own misunderstood Song of the South.

Peter Murphy

Unshattered

Viastar

Odd how a Peter Murphy album can be released and some six months later, they're finally sending it out to the press. I've had the album for quite some time now and even though my opinion of it has improved over time, *Unshattered* is a little hard to swallow. Still fresh in my mind is the stark image of Murphy descending upside down while the drones of "Bella Lugosi's Dead" tore down what had been an otherwise lackluster Coachella festival. He came and he conquered; not even Nine Inch Nails would come close to Murphy's performance. It was as if Shakespeare's Prospero had leapt from the page and brought the tempests with him. *Unshattered* is aptly titled in that it never really rattles. In fact, the stark production by Gardner Cole makes the reteaming of Murphy with old cohort Paul Statham (*Love Hysteria*, *Deep, Holy Smoke*) sound like an uninspired reworking of the *Cascade* album. Not that Cole or Statham should be asked to shoulder all the blame. Sadly, there are moments when Murphy's lyrics are as poignant as a George Lucas script. Not that there aren't moments of splendor. "Idle Flow" (previously available in a slightly different version on *Rambient's So Many Worlds*), "Face the Moon," and "Thelma Sings to Little Nell" are lovely but still reminiscent of past work. One can only hope that for his next release, Murphy remembers playing it safe is never as interesting as bold experimentation.

Starflyer 59

Talking Voice VS. Singing Voice

Tooth & Nail

I've listened to this album for a couple months trying to sort out how I feel about it. I've come up with this: Starflyer 59 make sugar-coma pop music. It's epic in a small box theater, but not exactly made for big booming stadiums. It is somewhat sappy. Sure it might have a touch of shoegaze tossed in, but really at times it sounds like New Order underwater at half speed ("Good Sons"). Everything seems to slow down, slide out of focus and suddenly you have no idea what you're looking at, or what you're listening to.

Dynasty

Black Box

Mysterious Media

I'm not really overwhelmed by the majority of electroclash; Dynasty, however, are rather enjoyable in that they take all the hand claps and mix it with a certain sleazy sound that has the same texture as a Soft Cell album. They distort things up a bit, don't rely completely on blips and glitches, but use them well nonetheless. The guy sings, the girl sings and you never find yourself jumping tracks in search of that one great song in a tidal wave of filler. Maybe it's the dirty guitar bits or the saxophone. Yes, sometimes it sounds like they'd rather be Garbage or Le Tigre than themselves, but they do it well enough that it's forgivable for now. Besides, all they want is for you to dance and *Black Box* gives you plenty of opportunity to do so (even if that isn't your bag).

Codeseven

Dancing Echoes/Dead Sounds

Equal Vision

Apparently these guys were once a screamo band whose high watermark was a cover of "Boys of Summer." One day they got older, heard Radiohead and traded in their metal for something more mother-friendly. They of course lost nearly the entirety of their original fanbase. I can only imagine the wonderful string of vulgarities that must have been spilt by the hordes of obsessive screamo kids who watched with dismay as their favorite noise wandered off into mediocre college-rock. They've got guts, even if they don't really have anything else going for them.



Kasabian

Kasabian

Kasabian

RCA

Kasabian have been a guilty pleasure of mine since hearing the opening of "Club Foot." Granted, they aren't completely original. You can pinpoint various points in Manchester's history of music that pop up in abundance throughout the album, fitting in somewhere post-Happy Mondays and the Charlatans' happier days with a dash of all that electronic nonsense that plagued the late 90s (yes, I do in fact own all of the Prodigy and Underworld releases). They're better and twice as entertaining than the overhyped The Music and less bent on sounding like Coldplay (the new hip-friendly Radiohead) than a dozen or two imports that seem to be pushed upon the masses monthly. No, I can't imagine anyone ever saying, "Kasabian are my favorite band," but even those who didn't really care for the album warmed up to it after a few listens. Catch them live if you can (and you could have) because they're absolutely smashing (actually they might be the ugliest band on earth, but they're solid musicians). ☺

Modus Operandi

by amy spencer oneamyseven@kommandzero.net

Various Artists

Soundwave Assassins 2

Backscatter

With so many talented Salt Lake acts producing new music all over the place, it's always welcoming to have a single disc that showcases the variety of their efforts. The second volume in the *Soundwave Assassin* series offers 13 compelling tracks balancing experimental, noise, harsh electronics and even some hip-hop from mostly Salt Lake artists. *In'vektiv vs. P.C.P.* roll out the haunting melodies and zinging that put you on the edge of your seat on "Broken on the Floor"—a perfect opener for the madness to be unleashed. Former Salt Lake resident and Modus Operandi writer *Lexincript* spreads the hate with "Some Other Way," a glaringly ominous piece with heavily distorted vocals reminiscent of Hocico's "Without a God." With "Mechanos Failed," *Boundless* brings out flawless aggression that begs to show up on the dance floor. Crunchy pounding crawls in with *Diverje* (*Tommy T of DSBP*) and *Carphax Files*, and a sampling of industrial rawness is indulged in with *Roses and Exile* and *Twilight Transmissions*. Although a bit of a misfit on this comp, *Fixx & the Insufferable Noise Machine* break through the electronics with rapped lyrics and wicked beats—one of my favorites. It gets sexy with noise from *Sonic Disorder* and closes with *Scapegoat*, "The Abyss"—hypnotic ambience at its best. *Circuit Surgeon*, *Little Sap Dungeon* and *Savant Garde* are others who contribute to the pulsing life of our local music scene on this fantastic comp. It's terrific that the local music scene is strong enough to represent itself with a disc like *Soundwave Assassins 2*. **Backscatter** has done it again.

Various Artists

A.L.P.H.A.

Geska Records

It's hard enough to keep up on the new music coming out, but then you pick up something like the double-disc *A.L.P.H.A.* compilation and suddenly there's a plethora of new talent to discover. The Geska label provides more than a music service, but also a bank full of visual artists, a perfect combination for the range of sounds found on the Canadian label. The *A.L.P.H.A.* concept is to "explore the struggle between Humanity and Nature as well as the challenge between Art vs. Science." Among the tried-and-true artists on this disc are the quirky harsh *Synapscape*, pulsating rhythms of *Empusae*, the pummeling of *Converter*, the crunchy stompy sounds of *Re-Agent*, the breathtaking atmospheres from *Mlada Fronta* and some dark and beautiful soundscapes from *Wai Pi Wai*, *Izoloscope*, *Displacer*, *H.I.V.+ vs. G/A/T*, *Flint Glass* and *Lapsed*. In addition to the cover photography by Jenny Sturgis of glass sculptures by Rik Allen, you'll be treated to two of the sweetest in the eye-candy store of videos, one of *Converter*'s, "Angels drop like flies" and *Flint Glass'* "Closer." I dream of the day Geska releases a DVD. On the first disc, *Modus Vivendi*, inspiring IDM can be discovered through *AQL*, *Stendeck* and *Lambwool* and others that I would like to find more work from, including *Nimp*, *Nos Royaumes*, *Koin* and *S: Cage*. *Fatum*, the second disc, teases with more unfamiliar artists to me: *Squale*, *Communication Zero*, *Lith*, *OTX* and *Komplex*, just to name a few. This exploration of art breathes new life into the foundation of visual and aural media. The overall message of the *A.L.P.H.A.* compilation is optimistic of the future of electronic music and this disc gives you the experience to prove it.

The most anticipated show of the year will stop at the *Velvet Room* on June 16. **Meat Beat Manifesto** is one of the greatest, most influential electronic acts who are rooted with the *Wax Trax* label. **Jack Dangers** and the **Dub Trio** will blow you away with a mixture of analog synths, sampling and classic instruments.

Heimataerde

Gotteskrieger

Metropolis

One word: Bagpipes. As one of the latest acts to sign to *Metropolis*, Heimataerde is going to drop explosions with the four-on-the-floor beats and interesting choice of instruments. The chanting and whispered German in the intro, "Non Nobis," along with sword sharpening and horses, sets the mood for *Gotteskrieger*—a follow-up to the 2004 EP, *Ich Hab Die Nacht Getraemet*. Of all the German industrial that I listen to, this one wins the prize for being so German. If *wumpscut*: were to create music solely for club abuse and saw it fitting to use bagpipes, it would sound something like Heimataerde. With 14 ready-to-dance tracks, Heimataerde will make a nice addition to the club rotation.

Borderline

Borderline

Self-Released

This merely weeks-old project comes from *Carphax Files* frontman J. Sin along with J. Peterson and C. Painter. *Borderline* emerged to the public on Sun., May 15 when opening for the Colorado act *Machinengun Symphony* at *Club Jaded*. It was shocking to learn that only a few weeks were spent creating this seven-track disc that is absolutely stunning. "Throw the Hatchets" hooks you from the beginning with catchy synth-lines and irresistible lyrics. "Forbidden" and "Broken" fit perfectly in the resurrected 80s sounds that have been storming the charts with newfound popularity. When going back for another listen, I find myself playing "We Once Knew"—a track with an industrial structure of hard beats and breaks for strings and vocals. The simplicity among keyboards and vocals keeps a clean and fresh taste for the newest project from a talented and charged trio. *Borderline* is an act you will be hearing more from and you won't be able to ignore it.

Meat Beat Manifesto

At the Center

Thirsty Ear

Jack Dangers will always keep you guessing with what he is going to do next. In the two decades that he has been making music, the consistencies are exhibited in his brilliance for music writing, reinvention and really doing something that has never been done before. Only a year after *In Dub*, the British transplant to San Francisco has released *At the Center* into the potpourri of his electronic discography. This time around, unexpected instruments, including a flute, Steinway grand piano and a clavinet stand in the forefront with eclectic jazzy fusion over beats much in the vein of early Meat Beat Manifesto. For the first time in Meat Beat Manifesto history, sampling is at a minimum and when samples are being used, they are treated more like spoken-word elements, particularly on "Want Ads One" and "Want Ads Two," where a 50s-sounding recording is completed with crackling and the muted enthusiasm of a man reciting various ads while funky lounge plays in the background. "Bohemian Grove" steps out of the jazz format into a funky Middle Eastern piece that carries the smell of incense when traveling to the ears while layers of mismatched piano dance around. With 12 tracks from this evolving act, *At the Center* takes electronic music to another level and drops in as the perfect backdrop to your Saturday night wine-and-cheese party or the combination of a coffeehouse and a good book. (*The Velvet Room*; June 16.)



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Sat 18 The Adonis, Mad Caliber, Birthday Bash
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Thurs 23 Loren Cook
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Photo: Dan Gorder

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CALLING ALL BATS:

SLC'S DARK ARTS FESTIVAL CELEBRATES FIVE YEARS WITH SECRET SECRET, THE BRIDES, BLACK ATMOSPHERE, LOCAL TALENT AND MORE ...

BY RYAN MICHAEL PAINTER

STOLEN BABIES



They say imitation is the most sincere form of flattery; either that, or someone's trying to cash in on someone else's success. Either way, it would seem that Salt Lake's Dark Arts Festival has inspired a little envy in Colorado, where some scavengers have lifted the name and are throwing their own Dark Arts gala. Who would have thought it would go this far? What started out as a farfetched dream among a few club-going, eyeliner-wearing-aspiring sideshow freaks has become an annual event worth ripping off. Granted, it might not rival the ever-shifting controversy creating *Convergence* or outnumber the hordes that gather for the legendary European festivals, but it certainly has much of the charm of the brilliant *Whitby Weekends* that are the toast of the UK scene. Call it a mix of music, fashion, photography and debauchery, with a decidedly DIY spirit, all brought to you by the people who made *Human Drama*'s Johnny Indovina your next-door neighbor (he'll be mastering this year's ceremonies).

2005's festival boasts its most balanced and diverse lineup yet with a lovely mix of local and national sounds that fall somewhere within the labels of industrial, gothic, synthpop, punk, death rock and otherwise indefinable (how would you categorize *Misfit Toys'* take on songs by *Bauhaus* and *The Cure* played on children's toy instruments?).

Those looking for an industrial evening would be pointed to Friday, June 3rd's "Deviant Ball," featuring performances from New York's Still Life Decay and Cop International's artist Carphax Files. Personally, I'm looking forward to the aforementioned *Misfit Toys*.

Saturday, June 4th is for those who like their goth old-school and noisy with a fine selection of Utah's favorites Tragic Black (death rock), Domiana (twisted cabaret), Violet Run (epic goth-rock), From the Ashes (female fronted goth-rock) and Denver's Machinegun Symphony (industrial rock) before taking a dark synthpop approach with the night's headliners, Project 12:01, from Denver and Secret Secret from San Francisco (although they're often found in Japan, where they've built up a cult following). Not to mention there will also be a fashion show and a slew of dance performances to keep you busy.

Sunday, June 5th, however, takes the cake with a promise of giant puppets on roller-skates and the goth punk-rock-fueled performances from New York's The Brides and L.A.'s female-fronted Stolen Babies (who impressed *Oingo Boingo*'s John Avila enough to produce their first EP). Also playing that evening is Seattle's long-suffering Black Atmosphere, who offer up their slice of classic goth-rock with a passionate performance that has kept them constantly touring the US and Europe for nearly 15 years. It'll all be warmed up by performances from local stalwarts Redemption (electro goth) and Lapsed (IDM), whose debut album has been met with critical acclaim throughout Europe and America.

2005 Dark Arts Festival runs June 3-5 at Area 51. Three-day or single-day passes available. ☺





OUT OF THE COFFIN:

Kim Nekroman Resurrects the Nekromantix with New Blood and Carries On with the Horrorpops

Words by James Orme james@slugmag.com
Illustration by Josh Steadman & Caleb Worner



different. So I came up with the coffin-bass idea.

SLUG: So you are the originator of the coffin bass.

N: Oh yeah, oh yeah! I've seen a few copycats—it's true, but I came up with it back then and since then, I think I'm on number five or six.

SLUG: Can you tell us what the new lineup for the Nekromantix is?

N: I can tell who the guitarist is, but the drummer is still a secret. The guitarist is Troy [Russell], who's also known from the Rezurex, and they're a great band, and he's a very talented guitarist.

SLUG: How do you think the new members will change the sound of the band?

N: I don't know. It's not the first time I had a lineup change, so what I see every time when new blood comes into the band, it's kind of like not starting over, but it gives you that extra kick. I don't predict that many changes; obviously, there will be some, but it's not going to be a different band. But I'm sure it's good for the spirit.

SLUG: What does it take to be a member of the Nekromantix?

N: I don't know; I've actually been wondering about that myself. I think basically I'm looking for, obviously, somebody with musical talent, and at the same time, I'm looking at people I think I'll be able work with, so they need to have a good personality. Mostly it's been people that I've known for awhile. I've known Troy for years now. So that's pretty important that I know them as a person as well, because I'll be spending a lot of time with them.

SLUG: What can we expect from the Nekromantix in the future?

N: We've got this tour coming up, and I plan on doing new recordings as soon as I find some time to do that. I am very busy doing two bands, but new recordings is something I definitely want to do.

SLUG: How did the re-release of *Brought Back to Life* come about?

N: The funny part about that album is actually that the lineup was only three months old when we recorded that, and it kind of shows what new blood in the band can do. I'm not saying that it's that different from the former albums, but it kind of has that freshness to it. That album has been out of production for almost six years now, so about three years ago, I bought the rights to it because I was bummed out that it wasn't out there. Then when we got signed with Hellcat and I started talking to them about the re-release, they just wanted to wait until we got a few albums out. So I think that the time is right, because we do have a bigger audience over here and a lot of those people don't know how to get a hold of stuff like that.

The Nekromantix' Kim Nekroman, with his homemade coffin bass, stayed at the forefront of the European psychobilly scene for almost 16 years, until the band's relocation to L.A. With his wife Patricia on upright bass, he picked up the guitar and formed the Horrorpops, who tread all over conventional compositions by refusing to be classified into a single genre of music. With a new lineup in the Nekromantix and the completion of the next Horrorpops record, Nekroman looks forward to getting out on the road with his two creations.

I spoke with Nekroman about the past and his future plans, which include the usual mayhem, but he's also got a few new horrors for you all.

SLUG: How did the Nekromantix get started?

Nekroman: Well, back in 1989, I traveled to all these psychobilly festivals all over Europe, and basically, I thought, I'm going to all these shows anyways. I figured I love music, why don't I get fucking paid to go to these shows? I first played the drums in a rockabilly band for three months and found that too boring, so I bought myself an upright [bass] and three months later, I formed the Nekromantix.

SLUG: When did you build the first coffin bass?

N: I formed the Nekromantix in March of 1989 and I set the goal that we'd have our first show in three months, and we did. A friend of ours recorded the show on video. I watched it and we looked like all the other psychobilly bands, and I thought, man, I need something



been all my life. I think that horror has always been a big underground thing. I can't really pinpoint why; it is kinda weird because 50s music and rockabilly is nowhere near horror, but if that music was going on today, it would be a lot different. I think it's that horror is just pure entertainment, and it has that dangerous part of life that we also need.

SLUG: Do you actually believe in ghosts or vampires or any of the monsters you sing about in your songs?

N: I'm not superstitious at all. Obviously I think that there is more on this earth that we as humans are not aware of, but I think it's all in our heads. It's kind of like religion; it's not something out there in heaven or whatever, it's in the human brain and these are the images we use.

SLUG: What do you think about the psychobilly scene in the US?

N: What I see is just great things. I kind of see a different thing from what happened in Europe, but I like it because young kids over here are more diverse. It's not embarrassing for them to say I like punk rock, but I also like psychobilly, and I think that's super cool. It's not like in the 80s or 90s, where everybody had to fight each other. I also see within that group there's more hardcore psychobilly fans that are leaning towards the attitude of the 80s, where they're like, "I only listen to psychobilly," but they'll figure out one day that you can't just listen to one type of music.

SLUG: What is the scene in Europe like today?

N: Well, because of what has happened over here, it has rubbed off on the European scene, and you have all these old farts coming out again because they can re-experience what they did when they were younger. You have these kids just like over here; greaser punks and punks just having a good time. Bands like the **Klingonz**, **Demented Are Go** and **Batmobile** are getting together and playing again. Those bands are grateful that that happened because they stopped years ago, because there was really no point. But now they see that something is going on again.

SLUG: A lot of people don't know that the Horrorpops were around for a few years before the first record came out. How did the Horrorpops start up?

N: A lot of people think that we are some kind of product of the label, and we can only laugh about that, because the Horrorpops started out as a trio: me, Patricia and Niedermeier. Me and Patricia met in Germany in '96 where her former punk band [Peanut Pump Gun] supported the Nekromantix and after the show, we're talking about how cool it could be to make a band where there're no boundaries or limits to what we could do. I know a lot of bands that when they do a new



song, it's got to be in this certain style or else it's going to let fans down or people are going to scream at them. So our idea was to do a band where we can do anything we want to do. We hear all kinds of music, so if we want to do a country song we can fucking do it. The rules in that band is that there are no rules.

SLUG: What can we expect from the new Horrorpops record?

N: It's kind of in the same spirit of the first one, only that the first record was basically demos. So this time we had a way better budget and we had Brett Gurewitz producing. We actually just mastered it yesterday and I've been listening to it this morning and it's hard for me to say because I'm in the band, but the sound quality is so much better. I'm almost embarrassed when I put on *Hell Yea!* now. I know some people are going to say it was better before, but I don't really give a shit because I'm proud of the result.

SLUG: Do you still do tattoo work?

N: To be honest, I don't really have time for it; in the last two years, I've only done three or four tattoos. When the Horrorpops weren't so busy, I had plenty of time to work in a shop, but right now, I'm just not able to be in a shop, and that kind of limits my tattoo work. It's something I really love to do, but I can always do that when I get the time.

SLUG: What can we expect from the live show on the 13th?

Nekromantix: I always considered the Nekromantix a live band, so even more than the music, getting some energy out there and playing live is what we're known for. Doing albums is what you need to do to get new music out there, but the force of the Nekromantix is our live show.

Come find out who this secret drummer is, and see Kim Nekromantix and his coffin bass play Club Sound on June 13. Also, don't miss the Horrorpops on Warped Tour July 16 or you'll be sorry. □



When You Wish Upon A Star: An Interview with Ethan Miller of Comets on Fire

Erik Lopez

elo_pez@hotmail.com



While researching previous Comets on Fire interviews in preparation for my own, I came across a word several times that I think adequately describes the direction or aesthetic of this band: organic. When I first read that word, and several times thereafter, I was curious how, or why, organic. Was it provincial? Was their sound sun-drenched like homegrown tomatoes? Time and time again, the word popped up. But then it hit me. Organic in the sense of constant change; growing, not only provincial, but also with a sense of itself; a sort of dynamism that isn't stuck on itself, that can adapt. Not only is Comets on Fire ORGANIC, but Ethan Miller himself is a pretty swell guy.

I started off the interview really nervous-like (I have to admit right off the bat, I am a HUGE fanboy), but when I got on the phone with Mr. Miller himself, things just fell into place as we started talking and going on. It didn't even feel like an interview at all ...

SLUG: So are you looking forward to coming to Salt Lake? Have you been to Salt Lake before?
Ethan Miller: Yeah. Yeah. We played with the local Salt Lake band Le Force and Tim Green [from the Fucking Champs] put us in touch with Judd from Le Force and we played at the Zephyr. Judd was a total fucking rad dude. They did a two-piece thing that night. They played a cover of "Black Dog" by Led Zeppelin. It was pretty fun. It was kind of shocking to get drunk at first, because we had been warned about the low alcohol percentages. We got these teeny tiny shots and we were like "What the fuck ..." Yeah, Salt Lake was a cool, bizarre place.

SLUG: How do you guys like being on Sub Pop? Was it a surprise to be on that label,

considering what you guys do and bands like The Shins, Low, etc., are on the same label ...

EM: It was little bit of a surprise that they were so interested. As far as the band fits, right then, Sub Pop just had its kind of burst of success with The Shins and The Postal Service, so they had an opportunity to open their doors to the underbelly of the label and bring in Comets, Wolf Eyes, A-Frames, etc. kind of groups and they were doing the Radio Birdman and Yonkers reissues. We liked the idea of being on a label that wasn't a perfect fit for us; that was a little bit of a surprise.

SLUG: What do you think about all this limited edition, tour-only merchandise? Recently on Ebay, I saw this Wolf Eye's record that had been lathe-cut onto a laserdisc ... Do you guys do any of that kind of stuff?

EM: Yeah, we try to do as much of that as we can. We might as well ... it's fun, too. There is not a huge artistic weight lying on your shoulders to do a limited edition lathe-cut record for tours, as there is to do a record that may reach thousands of people. And they're like, "make the next record and make it good!" With the limited-edition thing, it is kind of like a handshake between the fans and yourself. It's like, "We're having fun and you want some collector's shit to buy ..." The whole world isn't going to end if it isn't a fucking masterpiece; you know, that is what they're there for. They're just supposed to be these fun items that show a little different sector/vein of the band.

SLUG: Is there anybody currently that you would want to collaborate with? I know from a long time ago you had mentioned Michael

Jackson, but I know that is no more. Is there anyone you would want to do a weird one-off with?

EM: The Michael Jackson thing never worked out ... I don't know what the fuck happened there. I wrote to Sony and shit and their people were supposed to call my people and stuff ... and they just didn't get back to me on that stuff. But in all seriousness, there are other people that I am sure we would love to collaborate with. That Burning Star Core thing [limited-edition, tour-only item] was so much fun and it frees us up to do this kind of stuff. So, yeah, there are a million groups we would love to do that with. But it is kind of hard to do it.

SLUG: I have heard your music referred to as "visual." Do you see Comets doing film work in the future?

EM: Yeah, we're supposed to do some soundtrack work for a friend of Ben's [Chasny] that is putting a movie together and that is pretty thrilling for us if it actually all works out. I know Utrillo Kushner [drummer for Comets] and myself are super into that stuff and the way they work with film. Some of the stuff on Blue Cathedral was approached soundtrack-wise. What I mean is that the maximum rock or pop impact wasn't the first thing on the agenda, but rather, creating an atmosphere or creating things that might endorse the impact of what is coming next or what came before. The music isn't for the moment, but for the anticipation of what is coming or foreshadowing or what has already happened, not to just represent the now.

Comets on Fire will be playing
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The Awesome Possum Band

Blendin' In

The Awesome Possum Band = Willie Nelson + Tenacious D + The Frogs

Quirky alt-country with deep redneck roots sounds like it came straight from the heart of Alabama moonshine country. Songs are about Blue, the hound dog, corndogs, crawdads, prison and the office. Covers include the Southern-accented "Wish You Was Here" and "Under the Milky Way." The Awesome Possum Band is funny but not in an annoying way, not in a *Barenaked Ladies* way, say. It comes off as too genuine, too straight from the back porch of a Mississippi lean-to, even if it is sillier than the board game Hungry, Hungry Hippos.

ufodust@aol.com —Rebecca Vernon

Gift Anon

Mum's the Word

Gift Anon = Radiohead + Sunny Day Real Estate

Scattered offbeat drumming blends perfectly with guitar strumming that gets chunky like *Radiohead* sometimes ("Heaven Help Us") and jagged and slanted, like peaks on a marathon-runner's heart monitor, at others. Heaps of reverb helps the darkness go down smooth and sugary, but in your stomach, it'll explode. Eerie, amazing, abstract songwriting layered over with Brent's voice comes out best on tom-driven "Oh No, Oh No You Don't." Believe me, the pain will never end.

www.giftanon.com —Rebecca Vernon



The Invisible Rays

Self-Titled

Feroz Records

IR = the Damned + Graves + the Corleones

The Invisible Rays play often-slow, almost dirge-ish creep punk filled with plodding buzzsaw bass riffs, mournful or shouted vocals and sometimes-droning-sometimes-rocking synths. Their upbeat songs are much more tolerable than the slow ones, and I'm actually in favor of axing all of them except "Greedo," which is sung by Violet Ray instead of their drummer, who sings the rest with impressive versatility but sounds often flat or forced. I sure hope they wear scary spacepunk outfits when they play live. —Nate Martin

Iota

Three Tons

InSonicBloom

Iota = Clutch + Fireball Ministry

Iota, who, again, just to drive the point home, should be signed to *Small Stone*, combine the fast, catchy stoner fury of such luminaries as *Fu Manchu* and *Clutch* ("Demon Seed/Last Ride") with slower, driving head-bobbingness that recalls *Acid King* (but not quite as slow). This demo has three songs, the second of which clocks in at 11:59, and the last track, "Casa de Los Muertos," reminds me of *Glasspack*, with its dirty buzz and feral cat vocals. Proper, cause Iota's lead singer, Joey Toscano, designs The Glasspack's website. Don't miss these thunder demons live. www.iotasc.com —Rebecca Vernon

Medicine Circus

Bottle Rockets of Emotion

Medicine Circus = Big Star + T. Rex + Alice in Chains

Medicine Circus combines the best of 90s alt-rock with some grunge, catchy, accessible hooks, some technical sweeteners and 60s psychedelia. There is something mainstream and not-mainstream about it; it echoes the better moments of *Vertical Horizon* and *Pink Floyd*, if you can imagine such a marriage. Yet it's hard to imagine Medicine Circus playing on FM radio. They're too advanced and have too many unusual approaches and too much discordance for that. www.medicinecircus.com —Rebecca Vernon

Mushman

Eddie Do

Kitefishing Productions

Mushman = Simon and Garfunkel + Puff the Magic Dragon

Quirky, feelgood, almost childlike lyrics, many of which are centered around this Eddie character, twine their way around sparse, intricate guitar work to produce an album people could be singing around the indie-rock campfire for years. Nerdy and sensitive, sometimes sporting keys and vocal harmonies, *Eddie Do* makes me want to color with crayons, play with my computer and smile. —Nate Martin

Never Never

EP + LP

NN = My Chemical Romance + Cathedral

The vocals here are the metal equivalent of screamo—one minute (or at least half of the record) is intimate-disturbing-melodic crooning, the next is guttural screams. It's a catch-22, because the quiet parts are the only times that you can understand the lyrics, which are well-thought-out and not the least cliché. When the music is heavy and crunchy, it could smash the head of Satan's minions wide open so the guitarists could drink their rotten blood, but there's just way too many touchy-feely picking patterns here for me. —Nate Martin

One – Five

Self-titled demo

One – Five = Salt N' Pepa + Tupac Shakur

Really mainstream comparisons, I know, but I'm not as much of a hip-hop savant as I'd like. Female vocals hover over strong samples, especially in the first track, and rap about life on the street and hard blows-of-life, that is. Male vocals on the second track rap about politics, and harmonized female vocals back up the mix with sad sweetness. The one thing One – Five could benefit from is some beefier production and some extra layers. The overall song ideas are sound and catchy, but they could use some fleshing out and studio might. www.onefivemusic.com —Rebecca Vernon

CD REVIEWS

Asva

Futurists Against the Ocean

Dos Fatales Records

Street: 4.26

Asva = Earth + Black Horse + SUNN O)))

This is what I've always wanted doom to sound like. For the most part, I always found doom records to be entertaining and powerful for a few minutes until the monotony of it all sunk in, but this album is different. G. Stuart Dahlquist (SUNN O))), Burning Witch) and B.R.A.D. (Burning Witch) join forces with Dylan Carson (Earth), Spruance (Mr. Bungle) and Jessika Kenney (Gamlean Pacifica) to form this deified carnation of guttural sludge and haunting soundscapes. While the guitars may repeat ultra-simplistic chord structures in true doom fashion, their tone is much more crisp and balanced than the muffled, bass-heavy crunch of records past. Kenney's vocals are operatic and ghost-like in their lyric-less wail, and Troy Swanson adds the final touches with a constant veil of Hammond organ to back the songs to fruition. This is the first record of its kind that I've truly considered to be complete and well-crafted.

—Chuck Berrett

Bang! Bang!

Electric Sex

Morphius Records

Street: 5.17

Bang! Bang! = The Epoxies + B-52's + Romeo Void

This EP is aptly named, seeing as how it sounds like frisky, raunchy glam-punk coitus. The dance-a-bility level of this guitar/bass/drums trio is rather high, too. Oh, and the two boys and one girl in the band like to wear matching outfits! Yes, this is a band swimming in fashion-forward attitude. The energy level doesn't dip much on any of the six tracks and there is an urgency throughout that makes the listener want to ... well ... dance and/or fuck. And isn't that what we all want to do today, anyhow? I mean, what else is there, really? Politics? Boring. Melancholy and introspection? Yawn. Let's all just hump each other and keep the party going, shall we? That's it ... fondle your neighbor ... now, fondle yourself ... that's it. YEAH!!! —Jesus Harold

The Bloody Tears

Downhanded

Licorice Tree Records

Street: 4.12

The Bloody Tears = 68 Comeback + The Deadly Snakes + The Lyres

I'm usually quite suspicious of any record sporting some porn-star-looking broad on the cover. It makes me think I'm about to listen to some ultra-tough jock rock like Drowning Pool or Saliva (remember them?). But as it turns out, The Bloody Tears are nothing of the kind (thankfully). As evident from the first track onwards, this Texas outfit have listened to their fair share of barnstormin' 50s and 60s R&B. This is a good Saturday night party record very much in the tradition of fine platters by Don Covay, Richard Berry and Les Sexareenos. There is some fine instrumentation on here complete with a Hammond organ, which definitely adds to things, along with some fine Yardbirds-style harp-blowing. So aside from the awful cover and stupid name, The Bloody Tears offer up a pretty decent album here with Downhanded. (Oh, yeah, it was produced by Jim Diamond, too.)

—Jared Soper

The Capes

Taste

Hard Soul Records

Street: 6.28

The Capes = Blur + Super Furry Animals

Why is it that so many British bands feel the need to fall into a "Let's reminisce about The Beatles and Oasis" funk, thinking they'll come up with a brilliant album? The Capes' first track on *Taste*, "Francophile," gets the listener's hopes up with a strange mix of near-Spinal Tap cheesy riffs, abrasive garage vocals and bleepy synthesizers. The second track, "Tightly Wound," promises more of the same, but begins to cuten up by the time the poppy chorus comes along. The remainder of this six-track mini album sounds like a depress-



Bottom

You're Next

Small Stone

Street: 3.15

Bottom = Ramses + Second Opinion + Black Sabbath

Bottom, who is pretty much the sole occupant of the "female musicians can rock a stick up your ass too" fort, is back. Their latest offering, annoying grammatical misspellings aside, is a sharp detour from past Bottom: the songs are avant garde, atmospheric soundscapes compared to *Feels so Good When You're Gone*. "Gone" are the churning, sub-bass riffs that make you feel like you're caught in the undertow of a water wheel; they're replaced by feral feline howling and screeching vocals over spare, dark bass lines that are full of ugly anticipation, strange tension. Even though they're on *Small Stone*, you can't really call Bottom stoner rock any longer—there's too much underlying punk feel and abstract expressionism going on, which, believe me, isn't a bad thing—it's really interesting. Discovering Bottom's latest is like finding out a new, hidden aspect of the boy/girl/hermaphrodite you love, and falling violently for them all over again.

—Rebecca Vernon

CD REVIEWS



Death by Stereo

Death for Life

Epitaph

Street: 6.7

Death by Stereo = Queensryche + Earth Crisis

The members of Death by Stereo are quite possibly some of the nicest, most down-to-earth people ever to enter the music biz.

Unfortunately, their music just isn't competing with their personal attributes. *Death for Life* sounds contrived throughout, with cliché, metal solos, typical screaming and lyrical content consisting of "fuck this, fuck that, fuck you."

The only life preserver is the occasional bravado heard in Efrem Shultz' voice. The band's debut album, *Dog of the Death*, was something that was truly different from anything else Epitaph was offering at the time. However, while time has progressed, their music has not. All of their albums sound too similar, right down to all of the titles containing the word "death." (*In the Venue*: 7.27)

—Shane Farver

Clearlake

Wonder if the Snow Will Settle EP

Domino Records

Street: 2.8 Clearlake = Coldplay + The Smiths

To say that the best track on Clearlake's EP is a cover of Neil Young's "Cinnamon Girl" would be an understatement. And even said track is pretty damn mediocre. Jason Pegg has a beautiful voice and doesn't hide his British accent, but Clearlake's tunes are completely average, slow-paced, lo-fi rock songs with nothing to interest the listener. They drift off into the background and when the last song ends, the album is put back on the shelf. There are a multitude of British bands like this right now, some listenable (The Doves), others awful (Keane), and Clearlake has secured a nice adequate spot in the middle. If pretty, soft, non-threatening tunes are your bag, Clearlake might be what you're looking for, but don't expect anything groundbreaking.

—Jamila Roehrig

Dark Buster

A Weakness for Spirits

Dumb Trumpeter

Street: 4.11

Dark Buster = Duck Boys + NOFX + Social Distortion

The Boston punk scene has to be the most close-knit scene in the country; everyone guests on everyone else's records. Both Dickey Barret (Mighty Mighty Bosstones) and Ken Casey (Dropkick Murphys) lend a hand in the vocal department on this record. Dark Buster blasts through their tunes in the usual punk fashion but with a little added humor that has earned them the title of the "East Coast NOFX." With a south Boston growl, Dark Buster explores the usual punk themes of the streets, whiskey and girls. They attempt a few ska tracks that are a bit plain and a little boring; their strength is when they kick it up on songs like "Stand and Deliver" and "London Town." —James Orme

Dirty Projectors

The Getty Address

Western Vinyl

Street: 4.5

Dirty Projectors = Mice Parade + an orchestra and choir + great fucking ideas

I carry the four-page press release for *The Getty Address* into a coffeeshop. My friend says, "What's that?" I'm like, "Something about Aztecs and Don Henley and 9/11." Needless to say, we were soon in the car listening to one of the most interesting and challenging concept pieces of recent

memory. Jason Longstreth, the sole permanent member of Dirty Projectors, composed and recorded arrangements for a cello octet, a wind septet and a women's choir. After the addition of percussion, guitar and vocals, Longstreth digitally manipulated the material to create a dreamlike narrative, all channeled through the vagabond adventures of Mr. Henley. I have no idea where the budget for any of this came from, but everything about this release is impeccable, down to the liner notes and cover art. This is the first must-have of the year (for fans of happiness, intelligence and anything else). —J Thomas Burch, #1 (*Kilby*: 6.20)

Discordance Axis

Our Last Days

Hydra Head Records

Street: 4.26

Discordance Axis = nails on a chalkboard (in a good way)

Never did a band sound so bad and oh-so-good all at the same time: Discordance Axis was the king of feel-good grindcore. Who knew that coupling the ever-irritating blastbeat, speed-metal thrash and the screeches of a dying cat could make such a lasting impression? Only a trio as eccentric as DA, and that is why they will be forever remembered as fallen heroes of grind's corpse-ridden battlefields. Sadly, *Our Last Day*—the final chapter in Hydra Head Record's Discordance Axis discography series—leaves a taste of iron at the end of what could have been a most triumphant farewell. Two unreleased Axis tracks ("Sega Bass Fishing" and "Ikaruga") throw the first punches but also knock the rest of the record out cold.

Leading into 10 Atari-ed-out DA covers from mad-midi-genius Cide Projekt, then five from metallers Gate and Mortalized, the record's title becomes all-too-fitting. —Dan Fletcher

Dressy Bessy

Electrified

Transdreamer Records

Street: 6.14

Dressy Bessy = Apples in Stereo + Moonpools and Caterpillars + Faith Healers + The Kinks

This Denver retro-pop group is so full of fun and happiness that it almost makes a standard-level cynical boy like myself want to start cracking skulls. That's on a normal or sub-par day, though. On a sunny day where I'm feeling a bit overly manic, this album makes me want to put on some colorful garb and pogo along with a stupid grin. The female vocals and lyrics are tongue-in-cheek enough to make it not sappy or too cute, but just barely. This is music for hipsters that are so over-blase aloof and that are so, so hip that they're chomping at the bit to have way more fun than you. Oh, and said hipsters are probably going to be wearing Austin Powers-type suits or go-go dresses with just the exact, correct levels of irony. Let me see you smile! Let me see you dance! —Jesus Harold

Dropkick Murphys

Warriors Code

Hellcat

Street: 6.21

Dropkick Murphys = Sham 69 + the Pogues + (Bagpipes)

The Dropkick Murphys are unstoppable. They lose singers, drummers, pipers and they seamlessly press on to create their next great record. *Warriors Code* is more of the same Celtic puns that this band is really responsible for igniting. The song "Wicked Sensitive Crew" shows the band's humor taking shots at the emo/pop punk that is so popular today. Rocking tracks like "The Walking Dead," "The Warriors Code" and "I'm Shipping Up to Boston" will put anyone's fist in the air and their voice on high to sing along. The more traditional folk tracks like "The Green Fields of France" and "Auld Triangle" show the Murphys' passion for the music they play. The charm of the Dropkick Murphys has always been that they're regular guys like everyone else, but it's the conviction and love of what they do that allows them to make great records every time. (*Warped Tour*: 7/16) —James Orme

CD REVIEWS

Eels

Blinking Lights and other Revelations

Vagrant Records

Street: 4.26

Eels = Wilco + Doves + Daniel Johnston (w/tolerable vocals)

+ The Shins

According to Mark Oliver Everett, or, "E," the man behind Eels, the band's sixth album is, among other things, "a love letter to life itself, in all its beautiful, horrible glory." You won't hear a "Dear Life ..." anywhere on this stunning double-disc release, however. Instead, you'll hear 33 songs about everything from suicide to pretty girls narrated in E's signature raspy voice. Apparently, most of *Blinking Lights* was recorded in E's basement over a period of "several years." E must have one hell of a basement, because the songs sound amazing. "Railroad Man" and "Things the Grandchildren Should Know" are the strongest songs on the record, while the ultra-poppy single "Hey Man (Now You're Really Living)" might give the casual listener hearing the Eels for the first time the wrong impression. Although it's not the best Eels record, it is a time-transcending work of art that I'm proud to have in my collection. —Ryan Shelton

Electric Frankenstein

Burn Bright Burn Fast

TKO

Street: 4.1

Electric Frankenstein = Dead Boys + AC/DC + Circle Jerks

Electric Frankenstein is the ultimate garage band, never over-produced, always fast, loud and raw. They play their punk rock n' roll like their lives depend on it. One of the most prolific underground bands in existence, Electric Frankenstein now release their 13th record upon the public. *Burn Bright Burn Fast* fits right in the rest of the Electric Frankenstein ass-kicking catalogue. They also continue their great tradition of great creepy covers, this time working with comic-book legend Neal Adams and horror artist Basil Gogos to make the monstrous images that set the tone perfectly for the garage punk inside.

—James Orme

Esmerine

Aurora

Madrona Records

Street: 5.31

Esmerine = The Kronos Quartet + Godspeed You! Black Emperor + The Last Temptation of Christ soundtrack
Ever wonder what *Godspeed* would sound like without any guitars? Well, look no further than Esmerine's second album, *Aurora*, where Beckie Foon, responsible for *Godspeed*'s epic cello swells and whines, joins fellow *Godspeeder* and drummer Bruce Cawdron to create some truly beautiful and intense—albeit slow—compositions. Working with slow crescendos and stunning aural imagery, *Aurora* produces a cinematic feel as well as a musical one. *Aurora* has an unmistakable Middle Eastern vibe, which gives the record a frantic yet structured series of climaxes and musical ebbs. "Why She Swallows Bullets and Stones" has a beautiful Yann Tiersen-esque piano melody that really ties the album together, whereas the last track, which is nothing more than a storm of chimes and bells, should have been thrown into the B-sides vault. This record is great because it has the potential to appeal to a diverse group of people. From yoga to LSD gatherings, *Aurora* will inspire all that it encounters. —Ryan Shelton

The Evens

12 Songs

Dischord

Street: 3.7

The Evens = 1/4 Fugazi + 1/3 Scrawl*

When you were priding yourself in the mirror the other day about how you are so straightedge, did you wonder what Ian MacKaye has been up to lately? Here's your answer: he's recorded a subdued album as a two-piece along with drummer Amy Farina, who not only sounds like Marcy Mays of Scrawl; she's actually performed with an outfit called The Warmers. "Subdued" is a relative term, as Ian still manages to spout: "Generally I don't speak ill of the dead, but I may make an excuse in this case" before lambasting "All These Governors" for "handing out rewards for snitching on informers" and

Electric Eel Shock



other transgressions. But other lyrics such as, "I'm alive, you're alive, we make warmth when we desire" could be a shock to those expecting a Fugazi-style flare-up. It's a bit surreal to hear oooh-wahh alto vocals accompanying Ian instead of that other Guy's shouting but, hey, we all get old. Perhaps an apt comparison is Mike Watt and wife Kira's Dos. "Before you question my fractions, let me remind you that the Minor Threat song does not say, 'At least I can fucking do math!' —MC Welk

Gito Gito Hustler

Gito Gito Galore

Gearhead Records

Street: 6.7

Gito Gito Hustler = Teengenerate + Supersnazz + Shonen Knife + The Shirelles

Now this is what I'm talkin' about! Raw, energetic Japanese garage-punk with a penchant for poppy hooks. These girls know how to have fun, and Gito Gito Galore proves that. Lyrics occasionally flirt with English, but are mostly sung in Japanese; if you know Japanese, you'll definitely be singing along, cause this is catchy stuff. I need to let it be known that while the music here is poppy and occasionally bubbly, wimpy it is not! The drums hit hard and fast, the guitars are loud to the point that the amps might explode at any moment, and the production keeps things in the red at all times. My only complaint—because something would be askew if I were not complaining—is that there are only six songs and Gito Gito Galore ends before you know it. That's forgivable, though. Gearhead really picked a winner with this one. —Jared Soper

The Gun Shys

Self-titled EP

Aeronaut Records

Street: 5.17

The Gun Shys = The Killers + The Stooges + Franz Ferdinand + The Zombies

It is such a cliché to say that timing is everything, but yeah, timing is everything. If I had heard this EP two years ago, I'd probably be raving about its merits and playing it for all of my friends. I mean, it's catchy as hell. I've had track 1, *The Usual Unusuals*, in my head for days. But with the flux of this kind of band, I just find it hard to stoke. Maybe these guys were, like, doing this in like, 2002, but like, just couldn't get an album out in time to, like, beat the other bands to it. But I doubt it. And it sucks 'cause I'm a sucker for their brand of the dance-y high-hat riding beat and their fashion mullets. Oh well, huh? Instead of dancing along, I really just have to ask—what's next? —Jesus Harold

Electric Eel Shock

Go USA!

Gearhead Records

Street: 6.7

Electric Eel Shock = Guitar Wolf + Motörhead + MOG Stunt Team + Quadrajets

It is all too apparent that these guys are passionate about what they do. And I can imagine their live show being very energy-filled and action-packed (the drummer wears nothing but a sock—I'll let you figure out where). Everyone with a pulse knows that the Japanese know how to rock—and rock these guys surely do. However, as good as they might be at what they do, what they do is not good. I can tell right off that Electric Eel Shock love Black Sabbath and The Ramones with equal aplomb. And whenever punk and metal try to copulate (the late-80s crossover movement, *Turboagro*...) it just amounts to a ball of confusion on my part as I can't help but think that the Ramones were trying to remove the bloated excess from rock music when they started only to have it come back full circle. File this next to your Hellacopters and Supersuckers records. —Jared Soper

CD REVIEWS



The Locust

The Locust
Safety Second, Body Last EP
Ipecac

Street: 3.22
The Locust = Mr. Bungle + Some Girls + Maytag

I guess Some Girls is cheating, cause members of The Locust are in Some Girls. But hell, it's accurate. As the first track gets past the three-minute mark, you realize you're listening to an album that veers from the one-minute, Napalm Death, hit-em-where-it-hurts-with-a-big-buncha-noise Locust song, which in turn signifies that you're not listening to a typical Locust release, either. Breathing spaces exist, atmospheric buzzes reign while android heartbeats pound softly in the background. Robot makeout music gallops into short bursts of grapeshot drumming and pounding riffs. Perhaps this is "the most accessible Locust record to date" (press sheet), but that's not necessarily a bad thing. It's nice to see the Locust branching out into experimental territory beyond the experimental territory they've already pioneered. Safety Second lets the music breathe without losing that old Locust fury. There are 10 songs separated into two tracks; titles include "Who's Handling the Population Paste," "New Tongue Sweepstakes" and "Movement Across the Membrane." —Rebecca Vernon

Hopewell
Hopewell & The Birds of Appetite
Tee Pee Records

Street: 6.14

Hopewell = Low Skies + Mercury Rev + Low Flying Owls One might wonder why anyone would opt out of being in a band like Mercury Rev. Jason Russo, that's who—who at the age of 19 toured the world with the Rev, quit in 2000 and reformed his ongoing project Hopewell. *The Birds of Appetite*, which was produced by Dave Fridman (Flaming Lips, Mercury Rev, Low), is Hopewell's second album, and triumphant one at that. The musicianship in the band is utterly astounding. The intricacies of 70s rock—complex song structures and vocal harmonies—have been resurrected, cleaned up and put to good use by Hopewell. "Praise Twice" should be the single, although at over five minutes long, the profit-driven radio would surely object. The slick studio work of Fridman gives Hopewell the gritty edge missing from the music of their contemporaries in Pro Tools Generation. Hopewell serves as a good example that pop music doesn't have to be happy and simple. —Ryan Shelton

Horns of Happiness
A Sea As A Shore
Secretly Canadian

Street: 7.20

Horns of Happiness = Elephant 6 + Mates of State – marriage + the joy of knowing that people that don't need people are the happiest people

I have been thinking about Robinson Crusoe lately. I haven't read the book lately, but in far off nonsequitur, I was watching sci-fi shows and thought that writing a review in "log format" was somehow sexy and appropriate. 3:05 minutes and my stomach is hurting from the overdose of sugary neo-psychadelic indie pop and Carl's Jr. BBQ bacon cheeseburgers (three of them). 15:27 minutes and I am playing Scrabble online and realize that with those words, I forget playing regular Scrabble without music is coming back to me. I pity those fools on the other end of cyberspace that don't have this CD on and I laugh as I go on to take a 15-point lead thanks to the "zygote." 22:33 minutes and all is well. I am drinking wholesome milk and get this overwhelming urge to look at juicers. I do and I am happy. 25:02 minutes. I stopped looking at juicers and I am sad. 33:46 minutes and I just went through a bout of depression but was won over by the best online comic to hit virtual space: www.leisuretown.com. Well, the CD has come to an end and its official five-star rating is 3.5 stars, most of which came from www.leisuretown.com. —Erik Lopez

Isis
Oceanic: Remixes And Reinterpretations
Hydras Head Records

Street: 3.22

Isis = Squarepusher + Aphex Twin + Godflesh

Oceanic was originally released in September of 2002. At the time, and still to this day in many fans' minds, it is the finest and most complete Isis recording. The record, in its original form, was a cornerstone in everything metal and experimental music was and would be capable of. With such a profound album, other artists have decided to lend their own interpre-

tations of Oceanic's beauty and power. From Mike Patton to JK Broadrick (Godflesh, Jesu), Ayal Naor (Spore) to DJ Speedranch, all give personal touches to the epic masterpiece. In the end, some songs are transformed into atmospheric noise, others are reconfigured into insane clicks and beeps. It's a really fun and entertaining listen for any fan of experimental, electronic or most importantly, Isis. —Chuck Berrett

Left Alone
Lonely Stars & Broken Hearts
HellCat Records

Street: 6.21

Left Alone = Angel City Outcasts + Rancid + Less Than Jake + Against Me! + The Clash

With a comparison to such great bands, need anything else be said? Well, yes. Left Alone, just recently signed to HellCat, produce the same type of sound as Rancid's self-titled album and *Nihilism*, which is mixed with Less Than Jake ska melodies and a thin overcoat of The Clash to give any Rancid fan a new reason for living. This shit is good, and it goes down smooth once it hits your stereo. No wonder Tim Armstrong signed them to his label: they closely resemble Rancid, but not in a stalker, we-don't-know-anything-else-about-music kind of way; just simple punk rock n' roll with sporadic ska beats here and there. Left Alone will be the official "BBQ band" on this year's Warped Tour, so get the damn album and impress all your little friends by knowing an underground HellCat band; they'll piss their pants with jealousy. —Katie Maloney

Little Freddie King
You Don't Know What I Know
Fat Possum

Street: 4.5

Little Freddie King = RL Burnside + Junior Kimbrough Dirty, messy blues, stripped down, devoid of flash, sequins and marketing campaigns, primal as hell—that's what it's at, and that's what Little Freddie King does so well. All blues artists sick to simplicity, but Little Freddie's brand of simplicity is dripping with soul, feeling groove and passion. That groove is his strength: harmonica, guitar and steady drumming combine to make a head-bobbing infection that'd spread faster than the bubonic plague, if only people knew about it. Let them eat Bizkit. Now I know where The Fall got their notion of one repeating riff for an entire song and tossing choruses and bridges—the blues; and that's part of the reason The Fall were so powerful. "Chicken Dance Remix" gets harder and more boogie-woogie; lotsa jangly piano's thrown in. Little Freddie, an annual performer at the New Orleans Jazz Festival, dejunks his songs, generally sticks to one riff with some raw, ragged soloing, lets the naked emotion shine through—nudity was never so appealing, ladies and gentlemen. —Rebecca Vernon

Los Casualties
En la Linea del Frente (On the Front Line)
Side One Dummy

Street: 4.12

Los Casualties = Strap-Onz + Endless Struggle + Antidote This is the SPANISH VERSION of *On the Front Line*; it has a bonus track, all new artwork & an enhanced CD with video! That's all you need to know about this album so your Spanish-speaking friends can enjoy the same angst as you. —Katie Maloney

Lost City Angels
Broken World
Universal/ Stay Gold

Street: 5.5

The Lost City Angels = the Explosion + AFI + the Unseen (Sometimes)

The Lost City Angels play the type of genreless rock that keeps them safely popular with the Hot Topic crowd. While moments of harsh bloodthirsty punk creep on to tracks like "Pretty War," "Cuts and Blood" and "Clutching at Shadows," too many times the songs fall into mediocre radio-friendly tunes that I find myself skipping over. The Lost City Angels have it in them to be a great band; they just need to stop playing it safe and go for the throat. —James Orme

CD REVIEWS

Lungfish

Feral Hymns

Dischord

Street: 6.13

Lungfish = cheap beer + cheap tattoos + a schooner

In case anyone has forgotten, Lungfish are still the kings of Baltimore. Having recorded steadily for 17 years, *Feral Hymns* is yet another document testifying to the band's simplistic and filthy beauty. However, rather than resuming the progression of the past four albums, it seems the band has a few fingers in the proverbial "returning to our roots" pie (somewhat evidenced by the title). The overall sound has become simpler; the narrative lyrical structure more terse and prone to recurrent motifs. The result is a remarkably charming display of the band's long-latent sea shanty-ness. For, in some retarded sense, the music industry is probably like the sea, unpredictable and occasionally dangerous. But when you find yourself amongst it (music or water or anything else) for a good part of your life, you tend to reminisce, and, assuming you are a creative soul, you create some feral hymns. —*J Thomas Burch, #1*

Mico de Noche

Balls Deep

Violent Hippy/Buttermilk

Street: 4.19

Mico de Noche = Corrosion of Conformity + Fu Manchu + The Melvins

It must suck to have been in bands for 20 years, shared stages with Nirvana, Soundgarden and The Melvins, opened for Blood Brothers, Totomoshi and And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead, played at Wintage Record's Totalfest in 2003 and 2004, be named one of the top 10 metal bands by Seattle Weekly, and still be virtually unknown. Mico de Noche are a decent heavy rock band, with plump sludge-metal riffs, raw drumming, lotsa feedback, simple, primal songwriting and loud, thick, heavy production. There's something a little bit goofy about them at times that turns me off, as in "Rancho Ramona," but most of the time, they at least attempt to be dead serious. I don't know if they deserve to be as big as, say, Kyuss, but they have tons of potential, and they should definitely be bigger than they are. The Isis-like closer, "Fiddler," is one of the most compelling tracks. —*Rebecca Vernon*

This Microwave World

Red States

Tight Spot Records

Street: 6.21

This Microwave World = Radio 4 + International Noise Conspiracy + Red Bennies

Capturing the elusive retro sound emulating early Brit-pop combined with a distinctly New York no-wave dance feel, This Microwave World redefines dance rock on their own terms. Absolutely delicious bass lines complemented by a staggered farfisa melody are interspersed between Television-like guitar work. More distinctly retro than anything avant-garde or free, the songs on Red States are reminiscent of Rocket from the Crypt, which does bring a little bit of predictability to the album. The sound of retro rock is nearly impossible to improve upon, and the attempt at such a big sound will leave this album undoubtedly rooted in obscurity. —*Ryan Powers*

Moto: Rosa

Demo

Nam

Street: None

Moto: Rosa = DulceSky + New Order + The Church

So Angela and I got a chance to meet Stephen Chilton, co-editor of The Sentimentalist Magazine, at SXSW this year, and this is his band. I don't know what I was expecting from a CD with a non-design in a paper sleeve, but Moto: Rosa is phenomenal. Somewhere between Our Lady Peace, Oasis, The Cure, New Order, the Church and locals DulceSky lies the haunting, spacious echoiness of Moto: Rosa. Dark 80s rock themes weave between British goth and shoegazer sensibilities. Driving, melodic basslines are layered over treble accent guitar, expressive drums and sexily gruff vocals that are tender and resigned in their jadedness. The songwriting is accessible—thus, the comparisons to bigger rock bands—gorgeous and killing—of the kind of intensity that drives a dagger through your heart.



Mixel Pixel

This Moto: Rosa demo is definitely worth buying and their URL's down, so e-mail Steve, steve@aestheticnoise.com, and buy it, suckers. —*Rebecca Vernon*

Need New Body

Where's Black Ben?

5 Rue Christine

Street: 6.7

Need New Body = Sun City Girls + the final years of John Coltrane + a skosh of Philly hip-hop flava

There are bands in this world that seem so hard to dislike. Bands that create music that is both provocative and delightful; bands that take nothing too seriously. Need New Body leads this pack. *Where's Black Ben?* finds the Philadelphian collective on a bigger label (5 Rue Christine, releasers of Deerhoof and Hella) with a matured palette and refined goofiness. The sound is markedly more electronic than *UFO*, though the banjos and bicycle wheels never take a backseat. Furthermore, a danceable jazziness has replaced some of the camp (which I loved just the same). All of this is assisted and legitimized by the appearance of Marshall Allen and Tyrone Hill of Sun Ra's Arkestra. Sun Ra's approach to musicianship and adoration of the cosmos always seemed a point of departure for these gentlemen. It is good to see it is no longer just a wet dream (nor is the awesome party in your mind).

—*J Thomas Burch, #1*

The Noise vs. E>K>U>K Split

Otik Records

Street: 7.04

The Noise = New Bomb Turks + The Baseball Furies + TV Killers + The Registrators

E>K>U>K = Teengenerate + Sweet J.A.P. + Sonic Youth (Daydream Nation)

This split release from two young (we're talkin' highschool age here) L.A. acts sounds like it could be from Japan, what with the raw production, unintelligible excited vocals, and energetic delivery in the play-garage-punk-very-fast-like-Teengenerate style. They've also intentionally set out to make it look like it's from Japan by using *Godzilla* movie-like imagery and an "Eastern looking" font. I'm not sure if this was done in homage to their favorite Japanese acts or just a coincidence, but I'm impressed either way the dice land. The Noise vs. E>K>U>K proposes an interesting way of doing the split format by interchanging bands every other song. The listener will have to remember that that's the way things are done or he/she might have a tendency to lose track of which band is which as they are fairly similar to one another. —*Jared Soper*

Orthrelm

OV

Ipecac Recordings

Street: 6.14

Orthrelm = Metal Machine Music (Lou Reed) + the tailings of whatever has been rockin' your socks

So, Ipecac has gone and put out another single-track full-length, another sprawling patience-tester. Though you can't easily skip to your favorite sections, Orthrelm has successfully reasserted their position at the vanguard of drum-and-string pairings. Around the dweebfire, (Continued on next page)

Mixel Pixel

Contact Kid

Kanine Records

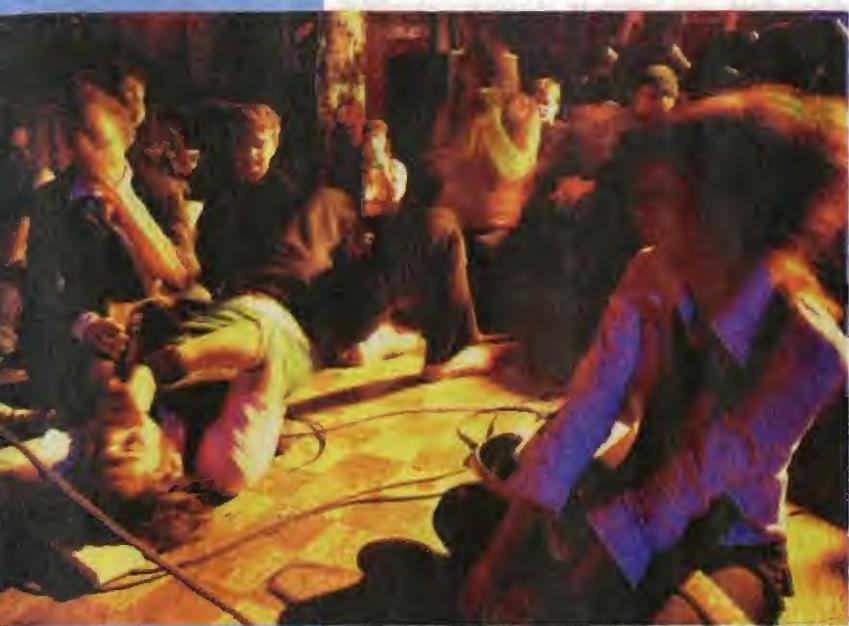
Street: 7.12

Mixel Pixel = The Flaming Lips •

Gary Numan

The first couple of minutes of "I am the Contact Kid" sound like *Hear It If You Want It*-era Flaming Lips, then the Casio keys and Commodore 64 quality electronics kick in. From there, the third album from this Delaware trio is all over the place in the best of ways. What's up with Delaware? Per capita, only Montréal seems to rival it for recently emerging original bands (see *The Spinto Band* reviewed in last issue). Track two sounds like Numan's *Tubeway Army* and by track four, the vocals become positively Bowie-esque, then transmogrifying into some sort of *Tall Dwarfs* tribute. "At the Arcade" is the best summer kickoff song I've heard in some time, featuring themes of reefer, acid, the beach, making out and being home by 11:30 p.m. Don't try that at home, kids. What's that, you say? Its release has been pushed back six weeks because they just signed a distribution deal with Fontana (read: *Universia*). Summer, I don't want too many other people to know about this band. (Urban Lounge 7.17) —*MC Walk*

CD REVIEWS



No-Fi Soul Rebellion

No-Fi Soul Rebellion

Lambs to the Slaughter

Wantage USA

Street Date: 3.9

No-Fi Soul Rebellion = De La Soul + Quinton + Mates of State

Minimal soul music with a decidedly transgressive mentality and the occasional inappropriate outburst provides a much awaited "fuck you" to complacent, cutesy indie rock bands (i.e. K Records) as well as the prideful-display-of-masculinity metalcore outfits (i.e. Victory Records). *Lambs to the Slaughter* is a positively charged, sexy, down-to-earth adventure through soul and punk rock intellect complemented by choruses fit for a grungy buncha hipsters, or a straight-up gospel choir. Except for the parts where they so snidely poke fun at people that actually read the gospel—get it, *Lambs to the Slaughter*?—well, maybe when you get older. Listen to soul music and fuck Jesus. Dope. —Ryan Powers

(Continued from pg 32) word has been circulating for some time that the genre (governed by Load Records) was dead and gone, left in 2002 with your sister's virginity. Assuming that is the case, Orthrelm has amassed and violently deconstructed what remains. The product is 45 minutes of noise (good, honest, scare—the-shit-out-of-mother treble-heavy noise) coupled with brief speed-metal respites. Single chords are often played for eight minutes at a time. The transition is never sensed; it just arrives. It is ambient in the best possible way. I bet the meaty scraps of critically acclaimed musical genres sure are delicious. —Thomas Burch, #1

Pit er Pat

Shakey

Thrill Jockey

Street: 3.8

Pit er Pat = (Blonde Redhead – guitar) + Bjork

I should really enjoy this album. Guitarless art-rock and jazzy, almost bachelor-pad keyboards and drums, complete with atonal vocals. I had read plenty of rave reviews about Pit er Pat, too. But I can't say I particularly loved *Shakey*—sure, they've got different sound, but it's a different that stays the same throughout the album. And there's something about Fay Davis-Jeffers' voice that I didn't find pleasing to the ear—like an American Bjork, maybe (this could have something to do with the fact that I've never cared for Bjork's singing style, but that's another story). *Shakey* has an enjoyable rough production as opposed to most Thrill Jockey albums by bands like The Sea and Cake or Tortoise, and the insects-and-skulls theme album art is fantastic. Perhaps if the band upped their speed intake, I could get into Pit er Pat more. (Kilby: 5.27)

—Jamilia Roehrig

Please Mr. Gravedigger

Throw a Beat

Pluto Records

Street: 3.29

Please Mr. Gravedigger = The Murder City Devils + Song of Zarathustra + Refused

Throw a Beat is an intensely aggressive rock and roll album, bordering on hardcore, proving in itself to be an honest reinvention of hardcore music in general. Rather than a modification upon existing standards, Please Mr. Gravedigger brings their unique brand of rock back to its roots and takes the listener to an entirely new tangent in punk rock n' roll. Distinctly West Coast in flavor and occasionally reminiscent of *Swing Kids* or

The Plot to Blow Up the Eiffel Tower, this band's San Diego heritage is instantly recognizable. Not to be thrown in the mix with the rest of the post-hardcore, the rock n' roll element is what sets this album apart, and is probably one of the freshest sounds I've heard this year. —Ryan Powers

Porcupine Tree

Deadwing

Lava

Street: 4.26

Porcupine Tree = Opeth + Subterranean Masquerade + Devin Townsend

Porcupine Tree dish out yet another killer prog-rock/metal/psychedelic/whatever offering with *Deadwing*, which falls somewhere between *Paradise Lost*, *Katatonia*, *Devin Townsend* and maybe even harder parts of *Ulver*. *Echoes of Rush*, *Pink Floyd* and *Subterranean Masquerade* are also evident, but Porcupine Tree, as always, belong in a class of their own. They get epic ("Deadwing"); they get earthy and dirty with almost ... dare I say it ... *Audioslave* riffs ("Shallow"); they get slow, sparkling and magical and balladic ("Lazarus"). They know how to play the variety card. They know how to play the tight-as-a-shrunken-jock-strap card. They know how to play the professionalism card, and the musical execution card, and the songwriting card. They know how to play the weird timing card ("Halo"). I don't think this is their strongest album—the songwriting falls a little flat and is a little too safe for me at times—but is still a worthy addition to the astonishing Porcupine Tree catalogue. The best track is "Arriving Somewhere But Not Here." —Rebecca Vernon

Razor Crusade

Infinite Water

Reflections Records

Street: 1.17

Razor Crusade = From Autumn to Ashes + Hatebreed + AFI

The music of *Razor Crusade* makes the listener want to drink a protein shake and lift some weights. Much like other tough-guy hardcore with a sensitive edge, *Infinite Water* isn't compelling. It's something that causes incessant head-bobbing which may lead fans to lose the two or three brain cells clinking around in there. This band's music belongs in a football team locker room or a Porsche commercial. It's not the sort of thing anyone should actually buy for the sheer enjoyment of it. So, listen to this CD, and get out there and kick the other team's ass. 24 ... 32 ... 43 ... hut hut hut! —Shane Farver

The Robot Ate Me

Carousel Waltz

5RC

Street: 05.10

The Robot Ate Me = M. Ward + Patrick Park + Cat Power

It took me all of 60 seconds to join in with the wonderfully simple chorus of the first track, "Bad Feelings." *Carousel Waltz* is a bittersweet folky album that capitalizes on singer/songwriter Ryland Bouchard's songwriting prowess. Bouchard's sleepy-eyed vocals and lovely horn & tambourine accompaniment blend nicely with his most acoustic-guitar-intensive work to date. The most charming song on the disc, "Tonight," starts with a fantastic 1960s Motown-like bass line that leads into unassuming lyrics about getting high and screwing. "Come Together" feels like a classic folk-pop love and peace ballad that gently presents its message without finger-pointing. The album varies from the bands, earlier, more experimental and noise work that was more hit than miss, but the misses were pretty flimsy. You will be singing along with this CD on the first listen. (Kilby Court: 6.28) —Alfred Quinn

Single Frame

Body/End/Basement

Volcom Entertainment

Street Date: 5.10

Single Frame = Postal Service + Bleep Bleep + Something else that sucks...

This band is definitely beyond comparison, not because they're good, but because every band that has been this awful never makes it beyond the first practice when everybody realizes it was a bad idea. Hooray to Volcom Entertainment

(Continued on next page)

CD REVIEWS

(Continued from pg 33) for maintaining their image of homogenous crappy shit in the music world. Single Frame is known for the intimidating amount of production that goes into each of their albums, but for all these "cool" noises and effects, which sound something like a Modest Mouse album going through an overdrive pedal with a trisomy-18 baby flailing its limbs at a Minimoog, take this dick vomit sound and force it to 4/4 time—yeah! Another Single Frame album. Go die. —Ryan Powers Hates Your Band

So Many Dynamos

When I Explode
Skroki Records

Street: 5.24

So Many Dynamos = Dismemberment Plan – originality and creativity – dreadful context of the late 1990s

There is not much more to say about this record that hasn't already been stated in the equation. But regardless, I will try to provide more insight into what the intrepid music listener's ears may be hearing. To put this session of music into context, I started off with three beers: Pabst's Blue Ribbon, to be exact. The idea was the same as drinking to make women pretty; hopefully after enough beers, the music would sound extra succulent. Dreaming of curves and personalities galore, I was ultimately disappointed. What happened to originality and the avant garde? Well, it has been dropped for commodification. And this is no exception. So Many Dynamos' has hijacked the sound and essence of the Dismemberment Plan so much that it's hard not to think of them as being just a rip-off, if not a straight sell-out. But, you may ask, sell-out? How can they be a sell-out with just one album? This happens when you try to cash in on someone else's style and mode of attack. For what it's worth, they do a good job of copying, but not a good job of being awesome or original. Pass this up and go buy yourself a Live Skull album instead. —Erik Lopez

Some Girls

DNA Will Have Its Say
Three. One. G

Street Date: 5.10

Some Girls = Give Up the Ghost + Crimson Curse + Jihad + Discordance Axis + Swing Kids

Some Girls combines the manic thrash-violence drumming of Jenny Piccolo with brutal old-school hardcore vocals, creating a sound that is distinctly punk rock (in the sense that Charles Bronson is punk rock) that is harder and more aggressive than so many god-awful "metalcore" bands around today. Gone are the cheesy breakdowns, homogenous blastbeats and predictable structures, leaving only an ever-exploding matrix of cacophony and technicality that surpasses Dillinger Escape Plan by its combination of unique sounds produced not in the studio, but by the actual musicians, on actual instruments. Some Girls leaves trendy bands in the dust, setting an impossibly high standard to reach towards. —Ryan Powers

Sparrow

The Early Years

Absolutely Kosher Records

Street: 6.7

Sparrow = Ben Folds Five + Love

I really am getting burnt-out on bands like this. Sparrow—it's like they're just trying too hard. It's not the 60s anymore, and this album smacks of not-so-groovy effort. The strings and horns in the background try to emulate Love's *Forever Changes* (one of my all-time favorite albums) unsuccessfully, and the second song makes me wanna puke, about being barefoot and how it's a "nice time to be alive." Um ... that just doesn't work. The album altogether isn't awful; there are a few songs that have kinda mysterious minor-key piano tunes with Jason Zumpano's off-key vocals and Byrds-esque guitars. The more uptempo the track, the more annoying: "Maaaan, if it were 67, we would like, totally be hippies," it becomes. I can't sit through much of that Flower Power crap—it may have worked at one time, but it just doesn't feel genuine in 2005. —Jamilia Roehrig

Stamen & Pistils

End of the Sweet Parade

Echelon Productions

Street: 6.7

The Red Chord



Stamen & Pistils = Animal Collective + Hood ("Cold House" era) – noisy noise + guitar lo-fi singer-songwriter aesthetic

This record is like a bag of Jelly Belly jellybeans. In one sense, you have some great potential for the taste of each individual bean. And, quite honestly, most of the beans taste great! You may even feel a bit adventurous and throw two or more in your mouth together to create some new flavor concoctions. But alas! There is a twisted and sordid side to this bag of tricks! You notice that for all its goodness, it is still empty calories and furthermore, once the bag is finished and you have a sugar rush, the good times will soon come to an end. You will inevitably crash and then comes a sour dragging sack of sugar woes and withdrawals! Oh that sly bag of beans! Why dost thou tempt me? Adolescent lyrics mix with unevenly, a hip-hop/singer-songwriter/electronica musical amalgamation. Each lyrical analphabetical endeavor is thinly sliced and leaves you wondering what the hell just happened. I am sorry, but you have now picked the coffee-flavored jellybean. Awww Shucks! —Erik Lopez

The Stoneage Hearts

Guilty as Sin

Alive Records

Street: 5.10

The Stoneage Hearts = The Electric Prunes + The Standells + The Lyres + BRMC

There's nothing new or particularly original about The Stoneage Hearts brand of psych/pop, but that doesn't necessarily denote bad material. After a couple of spins, I couldn't help but let this disc grow on me like a bacteria. It is apparent that this band, led by Dom Mariani of Australia's Stems on vocals and reverb-drenched guitar, have done their homework by fervently ingesting the Nuggets comps and have therefore let it bleed through in their songwriting. While occasionally a bit subdued in their approach, once they actually let loose, The Hearts show their prowess for Kicking Out the Three-Chord Jams with finesse and style. This is exactly the kind of stuff Little Steven enjoys eating for breakfast and spewing back at the listeners of his radio show. —Jared Soper

For additional reviews and other exclusive content, visit our website at slugmag.com.

The Red Chord

Clients
Metal Blade Records

Street: 5.17

The Red Chord = Napalm Death + Terror

Grindcore is notorious for sacrificing its aural appeal at the end of the gratuitous-noise gun while on the other end of the spectrum, good old-fashioned hardcore is slowly choking on the proverbial noose of mass acceptance. But salvation is nigh as The Red Chord's latest endeavor, Clients, hits like a stray grindecore-bullet heading straight for the rope cinched ominously around hardcore's throat. Enlisting the sonic bravery of grind-legends Bolt Thrower and Brutal Truth, The Chord fuse death metal's Scandinavian metal (à la Carcass at its chuggiest) with the focus of modern American hardcore the likes of Boston-compatriots Blood for Blood. It is this carnal amalgamation that crowns tracks like "Antman" as both peacemaker and progenitor of the suffocating metal scene. —Dan Fletcher



SKATEBOARDING IS SOOOO COOL RIGHT NOW

By Mike Brown

I was hard for me to think of skateboard-related topics to write about this month. And I think the reason why is because it rained the whole time last month, therefore, no one skated. I sure as fuck didn't. I hate the noise wet bearings make. It sounds like a hooker getting strangled or that noise that art-fuck rockers make with feeding back their guitar, EIEUHGUOWA WA KTHRUM FRHP!!!

All the rain also made me think of Seattle. Seattle is weird. Like how elderly American humans migrate to Florida to die, young American hipsters migrate to Seattle to be cool. Like they can't be cool where they are from. Like they ate all the cool-guy pie in their home city and need to go to Seattle to eat more. Like, you get the idea.

And while I was thinking about being cool, I started thinking about just what is cool? Skateboarding, for sure! We all know that, but why is skateboarding so cool, or anything, for that matter? Like snowboarding's cool mostly because snow is cold. But what about other things and how does one become cool? Because anyone can buy a skateboard (refer to last month's article) but will that automatically make someone cool?

I started thinking really hard. Because it's totally not cool to be cool. But being cool is cool and not being cool is not cool. And unlike skateboarding, where if you try a trick enough times you'll land it, if you try to be cool enough times, you totally won't be cool.

Another weird thing is that in skateboarding, if you don't want to skate a certain obstacle, you don't have to. But if you don't want to be cool, sometimes that makes you 10 times cooler. Like GG Alan, for instance. When he smears shit all over himself and runs through the audience, the audience thinks that that is totally not cool. But I think it's one of the coolest things ever.

I can also remember when skateboarding totally was not cool. Circa early to mid 90s. I was in junior high and so not cool. I don't think I need to explain to SLUG readers the brutality of junior high. But basically, no one in junior high is cool, but everyone thinks that the cool kids are cool and sometimes try really hard to be as cool as they think the cool kids are. At least, that's what I did.

God, I remember being in 7th grade and thinking that I'd give anything to be cool. I tried really hard to gain acceptance points from the cool kids (acceptance points, incidentally, are a lot like scene points scored today at certain social gatherings). That's what a bad self-esteem will do.

My meager efforts to impress the cool kids

never really worked my 7th-grade year. I unfortunately never made it to that elite lunch table in the outside atrium by the best vending machine ever. So by 8th grade, I had a major chip on my shoulder, and a couple of pubes to boot! I developed a typical "fuck it" attitude and started doing some drugs.

My "fuck it" attitude and mild drug use eventually led to skateboarding, which, at that time in the early 90s, skateboarding, drugs and "fuck it" went together like peas and carrots. Delicious LSD-soaked carrots!

Then the weirdest thing happened. All the cool kids that I had recently disregarded for being cool thought I was cool. But thanks to my "fuck it," I didn't give a, you guessed it.

But now that I look back on it, they didn't really think I was cool. They were more just afraid of the few kids in the junior high who decided to wear big shitty pants, get bad haircuts and carry skateboards with them. And even though bad haircuts are the norm now, back then they were so not cool. Besides, sometimes one of those skateboards would connect with a cool kid's head, reminding him that he was not that cool after all.

Outside of the school boundaries, skateboarding was a little different. No one aside from the people skateboarding understood skateboarding, making it so uncool but sooo cool at the same time. If you saw someone else with a skateboard, there was a good chance he was a shitbag just like you and someone you could trust, or at least you guys would be running from the cops together later that day. And those parachute pants were not the easiest things to run in. Especially if your oversized chain wallet was smacking you in the choad with every stride.

As the years went by, skateboarding somehow morphed. Like today's underground is tomorrow's pop culture is the only way I can explain it. And now skateboarding is cool.

Nowadays, my pants fit and I no longer hate my dad for making me mow the lawn. So why do I miss the good ol' days when everyone but skaters hated skateboarding? Must be my self-esteem. ☺



Dirty Hads/Photo: Bob Plumb

SOME SHIT THAT HAPPENED ON A SKATEBOARD LIST UPDATE

By Broadie Hammers

broadiehammers@slugmag.com

1. June 11 at *Binary* skatepark is where the **SLUG Summer of Death** contest series will kick off; be there or be gay.

2. Speaking of *Binary*, Cy **Bickmore** hates it when you call him **Cynary**.

3. Rumor has it that **Lizard King** just might be a wet boy.

4. Rumor also has it that **Milo Josh** bet \$100 that **Dave Van** could not beat **Kordel Black** in the salty game of skate (which will have already happened by the time you read this). Although betting might be against Josh's religion, it is a wise bet indeed.

5. Will **Holland** and **Ashton** ever hit puberty? Someone let me know.

6. June 21 is *International Go Skateboarding Day*. Try to use this almost official holiday to talk your way out of your next skateboarding ticket.

7. *Park City* is making their park bigger. Hopefully this will attract more MILFs.. ☺

BOOKS ALOUD

Built to Grind: 25 Years of Hardcore Skateboarding

High Speed Productions
www.independenttrucks.com

I've never been a fan of **Independent Trucks**. In fact, the only things I like about Indys are hot chicks that wear their gear and the fanny pack that I've had since the eighth grade. I do however, have respect for Independent and the way they have changed and shaped the way we view skateboarding today. A must-have for any true and dedicated skater, *Built to Grind* is a pictorial as well as an editorial history of Independent trucks. *25 Years of Hardcore Skateboarding* is an appropriate subtitle, since Indy has been around to document the sport from the first plank with wheels to what has progressed into today's skatin'. Big-name pros that have come and gone—those who have shaped and molded skating—and average people who just ride, cover the pages of *Built to Grind* via pictures, interviews and some amazing quotes. The Hell's Angels have Harley Davidson; we have Independent and Steve Alba. Looking at this book makes me want to skate to the store for beer. Maybe I'll dig that worn-out pair of Indys out of that box in the corner and strap them on an old deck, grab a 12-pack and skate off into the sunset. —Rob Packard

Whores—An Oral Biography of Perry Farrell and Jane's Addiction

Brendan Mullen
Da Capo Press
www.dacapopress.com

When I was in middle school, *Jane's Addiction* was my life. "Three Days" was my anthem, and Perry Farrell was my God. In *Whores*, **Brendan Mullen** has compiled over 300 pages of quotes from just about everybody who was ever associated with Jane's (including the members), and uses them to tell the story of one of the most influential bands of the late 80s/early 90s. At times, *Whores* reads more like an open forum of dope confessions;bragging and self-justification rather than talking about the music, but it's still entertaining as hell. From pre-Jane's goth-music experiments to the heartbreaking disappointment of OZ's *Strays*, *Whores* is a must-read for every Jane's fan—oh, and for anyone who listened to music in the 90s. Almost all of the quotes came from separate interviews throughout the years, which adds an interesting spin to the stories because everyone seems to remember things a little differently than their peers do. The only complaint I have as a reader (and a fan) is that there just aren't enough pictures—other than that, it's a great read. Thank you, **Brendan Mullen**, for letting me relive my Jane's Addiction fanaticism, and thank you Jane's, for kicking ass. —Ryan Shelton



Just Before Now: Drawings
by Trent Call
A Swinj Art Production
www.swinj.com

Just Before Now is filled with selected drawings from six different sketchbooks during the time of March oh three to April oh four" (back liner note). It starts with a To Do List containing 12 items with three crossed off, one of them being, "Book." This sort of quaint, offhand individual expression gives *Just Before Now* most of its character, which one also feels when viewing it as a whole and sensing the varying levels of "completeness" from page to page—from starkly outlined and fully shaded pieces down to my favorite page, which has only scribbles at the

top and, "I fell asleep sittin' on a cinderblock this afternoon" written off to the side. Between the covers are a variety of different artistic styles, including still life, Swinj and local band gig poster mockups (Red Bennies, Form of Rocket, the legendary Death by Salt Release Party), written notes from a European adventure, scattered cityscapes and of course, portraits—some of people I recognize (Ryan Jensen-Tee, Fletcher Booth, Will Sartain) and some of people I don't that you probably will. Each portrait seems to emphasize some single perceived aspect of the subjects' character that the tonal aesthetic of the portrait is then centered around. This simple, almost childlike comprehension of the world spreads very apparent through nearly every sketch and infuses cohesion into what were once spastic and random thoughts, building the sense that defines *Just Before Now* as a true whole—a book, rather than a collection of art. —Nate Martin ☺

SHITS AND GIGGLES NEVER HURT SO BAD: THE FACE OFF DVD

By Mike Brown



So, Angela gave me this DVD to review called *The Face Off*. Angela must know that I have a high threshold of pain and stupidity, which is the best way to describe viewing this DVD.

The way I understand it is that the guys from hektik.org asked people to participate in a scavenger hunt of sorts that required them to do a bunch of fucked-up shit. Each stunt being a check on the list of things to do. God, I hope someone won something really good. I mean, who wants to eat their own barf for nothing? If I'm eating my own barf on purpose, there'd better be a pot of gold at the end of that rainbow.

Fortunately, the week before I viewed this DVD, I spent an entire night at my buddy Abu's house pulling tubes and watching GG Allen live performances. Which definitely softened the blow of having to watch *The Face Off*. Watching GG Allen made me realize that no one except for him is punk whatsoever. NO ONE! Sure, the guys in *The Face Off* drink their own piss and get drunk ho-bag cum bucket chicks to show them their sweater kittens. Well, GG Allen ups the ante by eating his own shit and then punching a drunken ho-bag cum bucket chick in the face. Can anyone top that?

They do have a nice quote from Orrin Hatch on the back (or Senator Shitbrain, as I refer to him) that says, "I am deeply troubled by all the smut and violence..." I was deeply troubled too, but not by the smut and violence; more by the lack of originality this DVD provided. Not to discredit hektik.org's tremendous efforts at stupidity, but every stunt on this DVD has already been done and I've already seen it.

Why couldn't the stunts be more original? Like having a barbecue at Veg Fest or seeing how many dreadlocks they could set on fire at a drum circle? They could have also beat off for the chimpanzees at Hogle Zoo instead of the chimps beating off for us. Or just call in a fake amber alert. Now that I would pay to see!

But obviously, the company who did instigate the scavenger hunt is still trying to ride the *Jackass* wave that stopped being funny once those MTV douche bags got famous. Monkey see, monkey do—to me that's the perfect way to slim up MTV, for that matter.

Now, if anyone does want to see this DVD, word on the street is that you can pick it up for \$5 at Lost Art Tattoo or Koi Piercing Studio. If you know any of the hektik.org guys personally, you should buy it. Or if you think you are one of the drunk girls getting the word "Hektik" written across your milk dispensers, you should give these guys \$5 as well. ☺

JUNE 11TH

This Month at:
Binary Skatepark

JULY 9TH

Ogden
Skatepark

AUGUST 13TH

Junk Killer!
at The Gateway

SEPT 10TH

The Finals
Fairmont Skatepark

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SUMMER OF DEATH



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Lizard - Walkride • Photo: Bobbi Plumb

SAMPLE JACK

An Interview with Meat Beat Manifesto

It was around 1990 when I was staying up late on Sunday nights to watch *120 Minutes* on MTV when Meat Beat Manifesto first grabbed my attention. The video to "Psyche-Out" came on. I was touched with the finest electronic music that aided in my discovery of the Wax Trax musicians. I began scrawling "Meat Beat Manifesto" among the geometric designs on my school notebooks and it was my mission to pick up the cassette of 99%.

Fifteen years later, I am still mesmerized by Jack Dangers and his accomplishments. Learning about the latest album, *At the Center*, and the tour to follow thrilled me like I was 14 again. You can imagine how giddy this fan-girl was when she got to talk to Jack on the phone.

The latest sounds of the British activist, now living in San Francisco, is *At The Center*, a complex lounge work with jazz fusion and beats familiar to the fans. I asked Jack how it came together. "I did some remix work for Thirsty Ear last year, for one of their artists called DJ Wally. They liked the remix I did, so they wanted to extend it to this project."

Jack is a master of sampling and I had to know where the samples came from. "The audio is spoken word stuff," he says. "I got a lot from shortwave radio. I've got some pretty powerful receivers. You can pick up anything all over the world. I like doing that; it's very random, and you don't know what you're going to come up with. This is the least-sampled album I have ever done."

At the Center challenges electronics with flute, Steinway Grand Piano, clavinet and other classical instruments. Jack comments that it would be impossible to tour with all those instruments. "I won't be going out with the same people who play on this record. I'm touring with the same people as before. What I will be doing is running some of their lines off onto a CD and then manipulating that live with a CD DJ and sending it through effects. We don't want to play every track from this record; we want to focus more on stuff from the past."

In the past, Meat Beat Manifesto has been known to do improv with their sets. "We've always done that. A lot of the albums are done that way. I have a guideline for the track, but then we run them with a sequence from the laptop. It will be different every night. We use a lot of visual sampling as well—it will be a very visual gig." I beg for more infor-

mation about the visuals. "The visuals are over the top. I have gone back and picked up those clips and loaded them into a visual sampling program in my laptop which enables you to do a regular sample. You press a key and you get the sound and visual sample which comes through a projector. It will be all these visual samples from music that people know, but don't know what the visual is. That, to me, is pretty interesting and groundbreaking."

Jack continues with an example: "You know the track 'Helter Skelter?' There is a guy screaming in there. That's [Malcolm] McDowell from *A Clockwork Orange* and they have him strapped up with his eyes open. In fact, that is one of the most memorable visuals in film history. When you see the visual you go, 'Wow.' It's sort of that nerdy geek collective sort of thing as, like, finding a sample in a song."

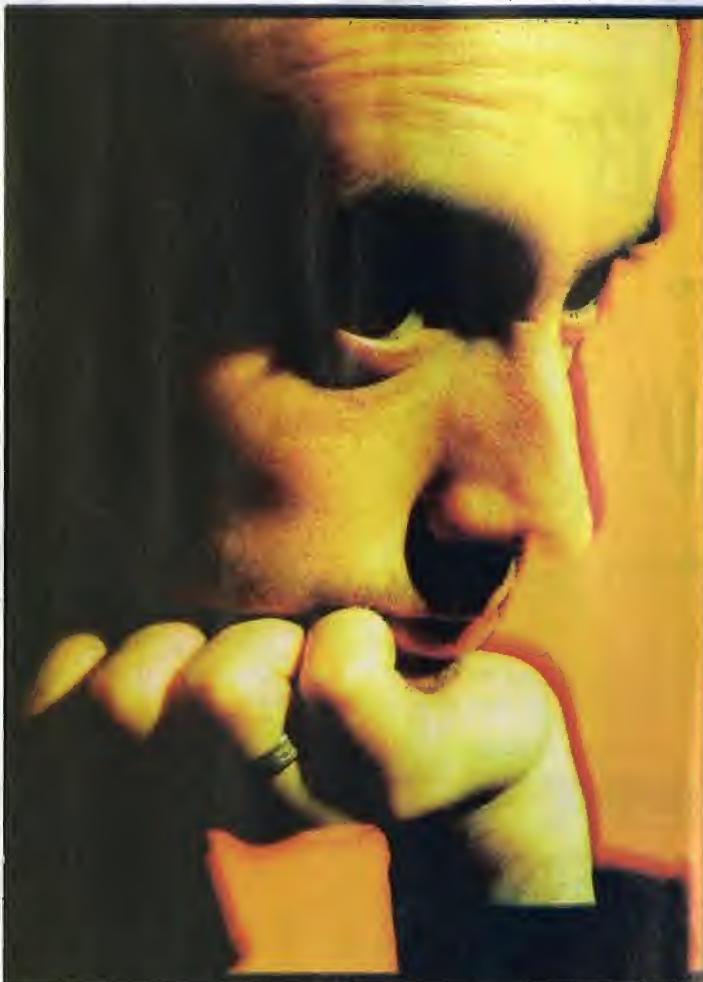
Jack has worked with some of the most notable musicians in pop culture and in the underground. I ask him about his work with Merzbow, David Bowie, Trent Reznor, Scanner—"How do you decide who you want to work with on what projects?" He answers, "Well, of those artists, Merzbow is the only one I actually got in touch with. I usually get a phone call or email and we hook up that way. I don't put myself out there that much."

As an inspiration to so many musicians, I inquire about who influenced him. "Definitely Kraftwerk and Cabaret Voltaire. I like things with more of that funk approach." This leads me to ask how he got into dub. "Back in the punk movement in the late 70s, it was a commercial sellout. A lot of the punks were disillusioned and wanted to listen to the music that wasn't being manufactured. At that time, the music was reggae and dub. A few of us carried it through the 80s, like Adrian Sherwood and me. 'Radio Babylon' could have come out in the late 70s."

After a seven-year break in touring, this is a highly anticipated tour. "We're busting to do it," says Jack. "Hopefully, some people will remember our name."

How could you not remember Meat Beat Manifesto? See it come together live at the Velvet Room on Thurs., June 16. ☺

by amy spencer
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Benefit show for the Tu family and Evergreen Café June 19th @ The Vortex (A Private Club) (400 S. West Temple) \$7.00 7pm New Transit Direction • Cherem • Ply and Reaper • Union of the Snake • Art of Kanley Donations for the Tu Family, are now being accepted @ Good Times Tattoo & Coffee Under

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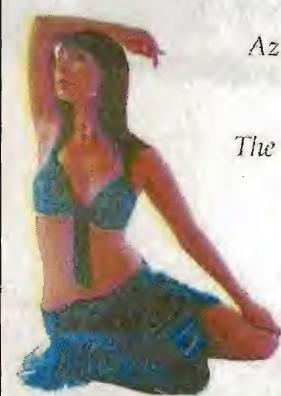
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Soccer Dad and the People in your Neighborhood: True Tales of an SLC Cabbie

By The Incredulous Gadianton

Perhaps the greatest perk of my job is the opportunity to readily interact with strangers. Also, I get to observe our fair city from every conceivable angle afforded to a gravity-obeying mammal. Most times, it beats the hell out of the cubicle I sat in before I became a taxi driver. And sometimes, through the circumstances of my job, I'm graced with unique moments of magnificent transcendence.

So I had just dropped off some relatively affable businesspeople at the airport and I called the dispatcher to let him know that I was empty. He told me that there was a fare at the La Quinta Inn at The International Center (that's the tight grouping of motels, hotels and businesses just west of the airport). I turned west just as the sun came out of the clouds and was about to set. Seeing as how it had rained for three or four days straight, I should've been stoked to even see the sun, but given the fact that it was screaming straight into my eyes, I cursed it and pulled on my made-for-women sunglasses.

As I slowed the car up to the front of the motel, there was a girl curbside wearing a form-fitting black dress and red boots. Generally, when a pretty girl is about to get into my cab, garden-variety nervousness (gulp) renders me a tad skittish and I have to concentrate on keeping cool. However, for whatever reason, I felt remarkably calm.

"Mind if I sit up front?" asked the pretty girl as she opened the passenger door.

Scooting over my backpack and books to make room for her, I said, "Nah, it's cool."

She smelled like a cinnamon roll somehow and there was a huge bruise on her left knee.

"Where do you need to go?"

"The avenues—about 4th and D." And so we went.

Over the chatter of NPR, and after I had posited the usual "How's it going?" query, she informed me that she had just made \$800 dollars off of some rich asshole and that she was, rightfully so, taking the rest of the night off. A working girl. That's been another perk of my year of cab driving—meeting escorts and hearing their very un-boring stories. And they've always tipped very, very well.

"Can we listen to something else? I need music."

I conceded and began flipping through the channels on the low-budget AM/FM radio. On one channel (I ain't gonna give a plug for it—fuck corporate radio), I instantly recognized the drum/guitar buildup at the start of Joy Division's *Love Will Tear Us Apart*. I paused and hoped that she would want me to stop.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah. Stop. I love this song," she said.

"Me, too," said I and turned it up as we accelerated up the freeway ramp ... and then ...

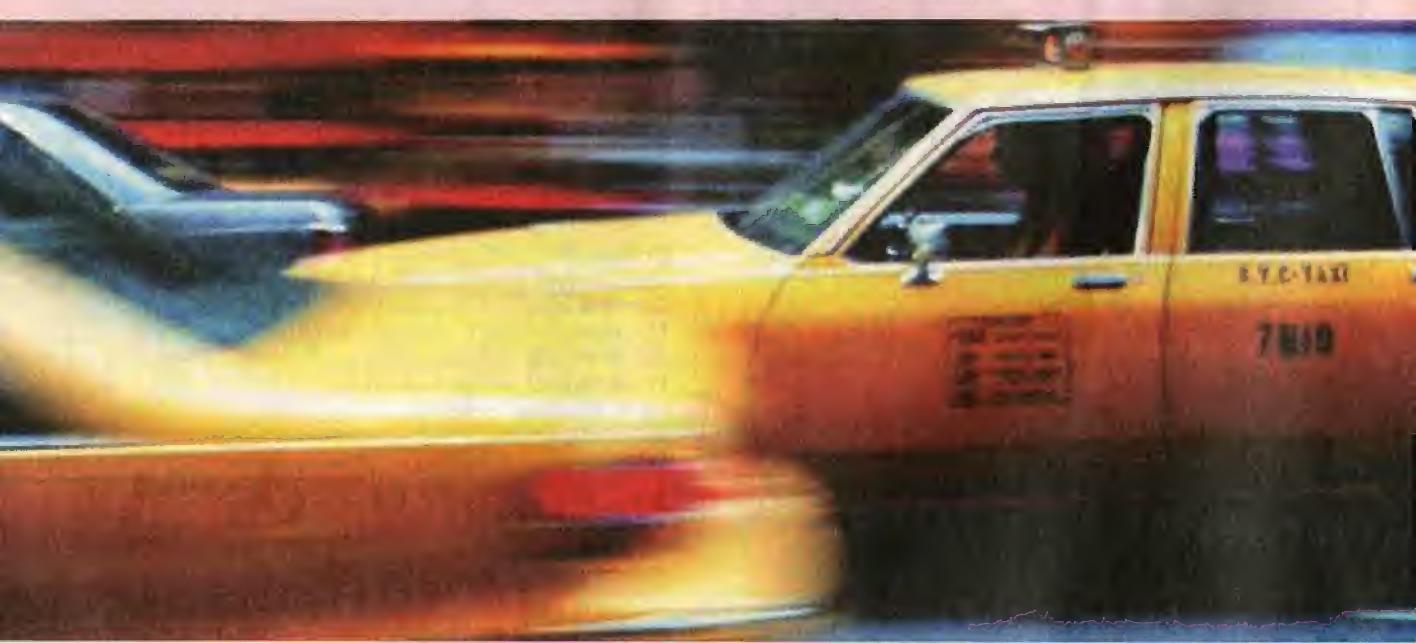
"HOLY SHIT!!!" she screamed in a wholly gleeful, eruptive manner.

Yes, holy shit indeed. The sunset behind us was bouncing impossible pastel brilliance off of the glass on the buildings downtown

Vicdic66@hotmail.com

in front of us. The mountains were black-eye blue under the purple and grey cloud cover, capped and dusted with the dirty-cocaine whiteness of six months of snow. There was a perfect rainbow spanning regally from Murray to Bountiful like a homosexual smile upside down. And there were whispers of misty rainfall oozing out of the canyons. It was more than enough to make a postcard jealous. It was unspeakably devastating. It was hard for me to breathe. I noticed pretty girl's fist clutch and her body melted into the seat like she had just been sucker-punched. And then the chorus hit (... *Love, love will tear us apart again ...*). I understandably forgot that I was driving (70 mph at that) as I shivered and sizzled and didn't dare budge. And then, completely involuntarily, I began to cry—not teenage girl sobbing, but more subdued. It's just that I hadn't seen anything that beautiful in months, and coupled with the melancholy of Joy Division ... well, damn. Neither of us spoke a word as we sped along. It made me want to indulge in all the happy clichés—to explode, to change the world, to be a better person, to call everybody I know and tell them that I love them, that everything's going to be OK, enormous. All of it. And I did everything I could to burn it into my brain forever.

The perfect eyeful lasted about as long as the song and we finally came to a stop at the light at 300 West and 600 South as we got off the freeway. I turned down the volume as the insipid DJ came on to announce the next song. I looked over at pretty girl and she had, amazingly, been crying, too. I suddenly felt awkward as hell. I tried to think of something to say and then realized my sunglasses were hiding my damp eyes. Cool. Maybe she hadn't noticed. I half-smiled and merely asked if everything was OK. She, of course, said that everything was fine. And that was that. ☺



Headphones

A Column Dedicated to House Music

Danny Krivit

In the House

Defected

In a 3 x CD compilation (including a bonus DJ

friendly/multimedia CD) and a 2 x LP double pack vinyl—*Defected* does it right, again. As the leader in forefront and classic house music, this British-based label throws down their latest interpretation of house music. Presenting the legendary **Danny Krivit** (of the *Paradise Garage*) for the 13th "In the House" release, this fresh perspective is a fine way to start off the summer right. Recently, the man behind **Soul Central's** "Strings of Life" (DK re-edit)—Danny Krivit, is known for bringing the sound of New York's *Body and Soul* to the house scene. Now in over two hours of musical delight, DK brings his passion and vision into your living room. Including tracks from **Satoshi Tomie**, **David Morales**, **Blaze**, **Jon Cutler** and **Natalie Cole** (wow!)—this is the house release to stir up some wild moments this season.

www.defected.com

Jon Cutler ft. Michael Watford

Watcha Gonna Do

MN2S

Currently on a roll heading up **MN2S**, 10th anniversary celebrations, New York-based **Jon Cutler** delivers another killer vocal gem showcasing the infamous singer **Michael Watford**. First heard in Miami WMC, this raw and back-to-roots melody is already hot in the boxes of **Tony Humphries**, **Louie Vega**, **Brian Tappert** and **Joey Negro**. Following up "Runnin'" (a recent MN2S staple), this DJ/producer is sending out energy in the universe and creating a career that dreams are made of. Keep a lookout for his debut artist LP, due for release next year. Also, check out slugmag.com for other MN2S reviews. www.mn2s.com

Cricco Castelli

La Casa del Jazz

Soulfuric Deep

Smooooooooth. Producer **Cricco Castelli** debuts on this classic label with a hot fiery number set and jet for summer. After 15 years in the house music scene and over 50 releases on labels including **Defected**, **MN2S** and **Catch 22**, the man with the Latin love presents his house of jazz. It features jazzy Rhodes and eclectic horns filled to the top with a smooth bass—this gem is my style this summer. Including three mixes, the original, a nice number (think **EOL**) for a meditated type and **KTA** mix, a hot little cha-cha beat breakin' down the house systems and movin' your ass. Check it: www.soulfuric.com

Cerrone

Not too Shabby

Purple Music

Here comes another great **Cerrone** classic after 26 years of life. **Purple Music** gives it another round of life with **Jamie Lewis** assigned to remix duty. Following up Jamie's "Be Thankful" featuring **Michelle Weeks** (the Miami WMC top tune), this latest soulful disco gem from Switzerland's finest shows what amazing music is available and it's only a click, drop and pick up away. Hitting 2005 dance floors without excluding the original flavors of funky guitar and happy horns, this follow-up to Cerrone releases such as, "Hooked on You" and "You are the One" (also released on Purple Music) will be, for sure, another classic track for this year. www.purplemusic.ch

CeCe Rogers

It's Alright

Swing City

Ahhhhh. The GN is back! After the recent success of "Come On & Dance," the living legend **CeCe Rogers** returns with a song that will stay in your head as well as in your record box. This features three mixes from "Gee's Classic Club Mix," a heavy vocal number expanding the true vibrancy of the man behind the swinging sounds, to the "Dubstrumental" and "Overture" mixes, both extensions of the A-side classic. Laden with soulful vocals, beautiful keyboard lines and groovy melodies—come on now—just pick it up already! I recommend this nice little number, especially for you big-room boys (and girls, of course) that enjoy vocals and heavy beats.

www.swingcity.co.uk

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JUNE 2005



JKU JOINT 45'S

Fri 3 - Art Of Kanly

Sat 4 - Foil Kit Lampy / Layna / Culottes

Tues 7 - Dead Rif To Drag

Fri 10 - In Camera

Sat 11 - 9 Volt Halo / Fuck The Informer

Tues 14 - The Insurers

Fri 17 - SLUG Mag's Action Sports Night w/ JUKE JOINT 45's

Sat 18 - BRONCO

Tues 21 - The Shit Cats

Fri 24 - Masterbating Hearts / Sam I Am

Sat 25 - The Happy Bastards / TBA

Tues 28 - Lick Nuts & The Crew

Thurs 30 - I H 5 P Party w/ A COP AND A CRIMINAL / UNION OF THE SNAKE / ART OF KANLY

Friday, July 1 - The Album

Saturday, July 2 - Middle Distance / Callow / No Means Yes

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saturdays: karaoke

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- 6.5 vcr, jessica something jewish,
the howl
- 6.6 intnl. dj supa mario, general smiley
soul medic, & ambush
- 6.9 spindrift, ethereal plane (jamband)
- 6.10 jruss studio benefit w/ austral
- 6.12 goat girl (from seattle)
- 6.16 royal bliss (acoustic sess)
- 6.17 salt city bandits & hellbound saints
- 6.19 debi graham (rock)
- 6.23 one five (hip hop)
- 6.24 on vibrato
- 6.30 jw blackout

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THE DAILY CALENDAR

Submissions are due by the 25th of the previous month

Friday, June 3

Dark Arts Festival - Area 51
Elephant - Ego's
Briertone, Brown Eyed Deception,
Farsighted, Porcelain Avenue,
Dosage - Lo-Fi
Mutaylor, Kid Beyond - Suede
The Sound Of Urchin, Waist Deep,
The Heaters - Halo
John Louvierie - Sugarbeats
Art of Kanly - Todd's
Purdyouth - Urban

Saturday, June 4

Dark Arts Festival - Area 51
Richmond Fontaine, Chris
McFarland, Edgar's Mule - Ego's
The F*ing Champs, Boy Jazz, Cop
Criminal - Urban
Pinback, The Annals - Lo-Fi
Shades of Gray w/Jessica Penrose -
Sugarbeats
Fol Kit Lampy, Layna, Culottes -
Todd's

Sunday, June 5

Dark Arts Festival - Area 51
VCR, Jessica Something Jewish, -
Monks

Monday, June 6

The Hoods, Since The Flood,
Bloody Sunday - In the Venue
Juxtaposer,
Chromolodeon, Theaters, The New
Empire - Kilby
Supagroup, Starmy, Under Radar -
Urban Lounge
DJ Curtis Strange - Burt's
Dj Supa Mario, General Smiley,
Soul Medic, Ambush - Monks

Tuesday, June 7

The Best Damn Rap Tour, C-Rayz
Walz, J-Live, Vast Aire - Velvet Room
The Coffin Lids, The Salt City
Bandits - Burt's
Hellbound Saints - Vegas
Mark Hummerl - Brewskies
Dead Rif To Drag - Todd's
Club Bullocks - Urban Lounge

Wednesday, June 8

Sleepytime Gorilla Museum - Ego's
Kristin Shey, Gigi Love - Sugarbeats
Devil Driver, It Dies Today, Machine
Head, Drowning Pool, Dry Kill
Logic, Opiate for the Masses - Lo-Fi
Sasquatch & The Sick-a-Billys, The
Utah County Swillers - Burt's
Fire Escape - BoomVa

Thursday, June 9

Headphones, Crystal Skulls -
Velvet Room
The Stares, QstandsforQ, Eden
Express - Sugarbeats
Meg And Dia, The Furies - Kilby
Spindrift, Ethereal Plane - Monks
Sleepy Time Gorilla Museum - Ego's
The Building Press, I Am Electric,
Manosfog - Urban Lounge

Friday, June 10

Jesse Dayton - Ego's
Metal Heads - Velvet Room
The Curbs, The Furries - Sugarbeats
Le Force, The Growing, Comets on
Fire - Kilby
The Rodeo Boys, The Album - Burt's
Elizabethan Report - Ironic Ashes

Hate Piece, Unsound Mind - Vegas
Andale, Austral, Lion Doub
Station - Monks
One Time Experience - Brewskie's
SLUG Localized: Gaza, His Red
Letters, Beyond This Flesh -
Urban
In Camera - Todd's

Saturday, June 11

Mimmae, Erin Haley - Sugarbeats
Brant Bjork & The Bros,
Thunderfist, Iota - Burt's
Quiet Color, The Chicago
Typewriters - Kilby
Cary Bothers - Lo-Fi
Six Sided Box - Ego's
Nirdeth - Ironic Ashes
Wolfs, Le Force - Urban Lounge
Volt Halo, Fuck The Informer -
Todd's

Sunday, June 12

Chris Isaak, Jackie Greene - Red Butte
Garden
SLUG Float - Utah Pride Parade
B-Side Players - Ego's
Sledgeback, Rackets - Burt's
Goat Girl - Monks

Monday, June 13

Nekromantix - Club Sound
DJ Curtis Strange - Burt's

Tuesday, June 14

The Futureheads - Lo-Fi
Antibalas, Afrobeat, Orchestra -
Velvet Room
Alana Davis - Ego's
Digable Planets - Suede
Acoustic Night w/ Chief & Bub -
Burt's
Antibalas - Shaggy's
The Utah County Swillers - Vegas
Studebaker John - Brewskies
Club Bullocks - Urban Lounge
Insurers - Todd's

Wednesday, June 15

MewwithoutYOU, Make Believe - Kilby
Hanalei - Mo's
Salty Frogs, Debi Graham Band -
Ego's
Luciano - Suede
The Hell Bound Saints - Burt's
TED DANCIN' - Urban Lounge

Thursday, June 16

Meat Beat Manifesto - Velvet Room
Clarity - Sugarbeats
Wish Hugger, Paris Green Tour
Send off - Kilby
Henry Turner, Flavor - Ego's
Royal Bliss - Monks
Da Verse - Urban Lounge

Friday, June 17

SLUG Action Sports Night w/ Juke
Joint 45s - Todd's
Gallery Stroll - Pierpont Ave.
The Vision of a Dying World -
Sugarbeats
Anesty, Allred, Larusso - Kilby
Hell's Belles - Ego's
Fuck The Informer, Screamin'
Condors, Los Rojos - Burt's
Cart! - Ironic Ashes
Incident, Pagan Dead - Vegas
Die Like Me, Four Letter Lie -
BoomVa
Jebu, James Schook - Brewskies
Conspiracy Freak - Urban Lounge

Salt City Bandits, Hellbound
Saints - Monks

Saturday, June 18

Bronco - Todd's
Eric Burdon & The Animals -
Franklin Covey
G Love & Special Sauce - Library
Square
Chris Fortier - Vortex
JoKyR and Jesster - Sugarbeats
The Annuals, TaughtMe, Will
Sartain, The Brocks - Kilby
Helles Belles - Ego's
Skint, Bloodworm, Even Lowers -
Burt's
Stigmatic, Weather Underground,
Escape Velocity - Ironic Ashes
Fry Sauce - Brewskies
The Adonis, Mad Caliber, Birthday
Bash - Urban Lounge

Sunday, June 19

Nanci Griffith - Red Butte Garden
No Star Jazz - Sugarbeats
Cloud Cult - Kilby
L.O.A. Temptation of St. Anthony -
BoomVa
New Transit Direction, Cherem,
Union of The Snake - Vortex
Debi Graham - Monks

Monday, June 20

Hacienda Brothers - Ego's
Theta Naught, O Discordia, Dirty
Projectors, Wind Up Bird - Kilby

Tuesday, June 21

Hot Hot Heat, Robbers On High
St, The Blue Van - Club Sound
Gretchen Wilson, Kenny Chesney,
Pat Green - Delta Center
Micky & The Motorcars - Ego's
The Shit Cats - Todd's
John Lee Hooker Jr. - Sun & Moon
Cafe
Ouija Radio - Burt's
Static-X and American Head
Charge - In The Venue
John Brown's Body - Suede
Lovehatchero, Kane Hooder -
BoomVa
JLH Jr. - Brewskies
21 SOUTH AUSTIN JUG BAND -
Urban Lounge

Wednesday, June 22

John Lee Hooker Jr. - Sun & Moon Cafe
Ghoshtowne - Velvet Room
Paper Cranes, Coughs, White
Micc - Kilby
Drowning Man - In The Venue
He is Legend - Burt's
Drowning Man, The Minor Times,
The # 12 Looks Like You, Art of
Kanly, Union of the Snake - In The
Venue
Vile Blue Shades, The Pleasure
Thieves - Urban Lounge

Thursday, June 23

Michelle Shocked - Velvet Room
World Crime League - Sugarbeats
Return to Sender, Awesome,
In Camera - Kilby
Loren Cook - Urban Lounge
One Five - Monks

Friday, June 24

Black Chandelier Fashion Cage
Fight - Black Chandelier Store
Shanti Groove - Urban Lounge

Charlie Musselwhite - Arts Festival
Metalhead - Velvet Room

On Vibrato - Monk's
Masterbating Hearts, Sam I Am -
Todd's
Union of The Snake, 3 Inches of
Blood - Vegas
The Salt Town Greasers - Sugarbeats
Bastard Sons of Johnny Cash - Ego's
Ecto, Die Monster Die, Unsound
Mind, The Abominations, Left For
Dead - Burt's
Sarge - Vegas
Stars are Falling, Job For a
Cowboy - Boomva
Stiletto & Company - Brewskies
Shanty Groove - Urban Lounge

Saturday, June 25

The Slow Prisoner - Sugarbeats
Eddie Clendening & The Blue
Ribbon Boys - Star Bar
Erin Haley, Hello Amsterdam - Kilby
The Happy Bastards - Todd's
Afro Omega - Ego's
Beyond The Flesh, Necrophacus,
Ibex Throne - Burt's
Moot Davis, Pete Anderson -
Brewskies
SLAO CD release party - Urban

Sunday, June 26

California Guitar Trio - Library Square
Madeleine Peyroux - Arts Festival
Ferenzy, Chump Change - Ironic
Ashes

Monday, June 27

Acceptance, AnBerlin, Codesevene,
Saosin, Terminal - Club Sound
Cafe Tacuba - Velvet Room
DJ Curtis Strange - Burt's

Tuesday, June 28

Bloodsimple, Gizmachi, Six Feet
Under - Combat Academy
Donny Osmond - Kingsbury
Jessica Something Jewish, The
Robot Ate Me, Drew Danbury - Kilby
Kottonmouth Kings - In The Venue
The Nightmares, Rock The Light -
Burt's
Club Bullocks - Urban Lounge
Lick Nuts & The Crew - Todd's

Wednesday, June 29

The Flatlanders - University Of Utah
Planete Of The Drums, AK1200,
Diesel Boy, MC J Messianin - In
The Venue
Mercury Stone - Burt's
Cabaret Voltage 1-yr anniv. w/
STARMY, Ply & Reaper - Urban
The Lawrence Arms - Mo's

Thursday, June 30

The Slackers - Velvet Room
JW Blackout - Monk's
The New Mexican Revolution,
Black River Brethren - Sugarbeats
Julia Mehan, Lauren Wood,
Causeway - Kilby
The Tremula, Good 4 Cows - Urban
1 H 5 P Party: A Cop & A Criminal,
Union of the Snake, Art of Kanly -
Todd's

Friday, July 1

New SLUG - AnyPlace That Doesn't Suck
Pepper - In The Venue
The Briggs, Stolen Marches - Burt's
The Album - Todd's



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Kilby Court Calendar June 2005

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|--|---|--|--|--|--|
| 29 7:30p the Tremula, Medications, MARY TIMONY | 30 7:30p Music In Arabic, the Loved Ones, Awesome, the Stiletto Formal, Take the Fall | 31 7:30p the Hot IQ's, the Brobecks, TILLY AND THE WALL | 1 7:30p Cart, Bullet Train to Vegas, Capillary Action, Loiter Cognition | 2 7:30p STEEL TRAIN, An Angie, El Oso Negro, Cowboy's Aren't Indians | 3 | |
| 5 7:30p Kid Madusa, ROGUE WAVE, THE HELIO SEQUENCE | 6 7:30p Juxtaposer, CHROMELODEON, Theaters, the New Empire | 7 | 8 | 9 7:30p Meg and Dia, the Happies, the Curries, Jordan Booth | 10 7:30p Le Force, the Growing, COMETS ON FIRE | 11 7:30p Quiet Color, the Chicago Typewriters, OH Prizmek Band, Dane and the Death Mach |
| 12 | 13 7:30p Eats Tapes, Tussle, OPEN | 14 7:30p THE BIG SCREEN, STIMULUS, A DAY AT THE FAIR, OF NEW YORK, AYERTON | 15 7:30p MAKE BELIEVE, ME WITHOUT YOU, Veda | 16 7:30p Autumn Rhodes, Welsh Hugger, Paris Green Tour CD release, OPEN | 17 7:30p Amnesty, Allred, Larusso | 18 7:30p Cloud Cult, The Annals, Taught Me, Will Sartain, the Brobecks |
| 19 Father's Day | 20 7:30p Theta Naught, O Discordia, Dirty Projectors, Wind up Bird | 21 | 22 7:30p Paper Cranes, Coughs, White Mice, Airliner | 23 7:30p Return to Sender, Awesome, In Camera | 24 7:30p ISAAC HAYDEN, CARY JUDD | 25 7:30p Erin Haley, Hello Amsterdam, OPEN, OPEN |
| 26 | 27 | 28 7:30p Jessica Something Witch, The Robot Ate Me, Drew Danbury | 29 12p Johnathan Richman | 30 7:30p Julia Mechem, Lauren Victoria, Causeway, Instant Karma, Finally Friday | 1 7:30p David Armstrong, O Discordia, Rattails CD release | 2 7:30p XIU XIU, Buttery Muffins, Good for Cows |

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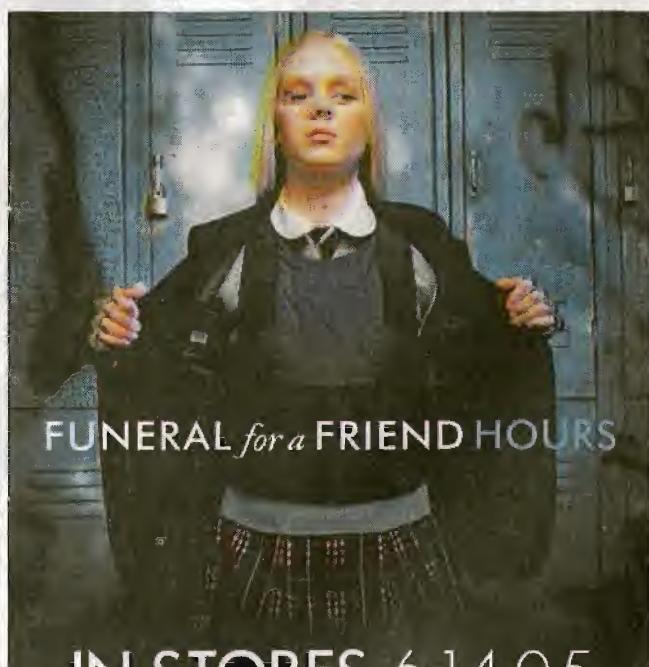
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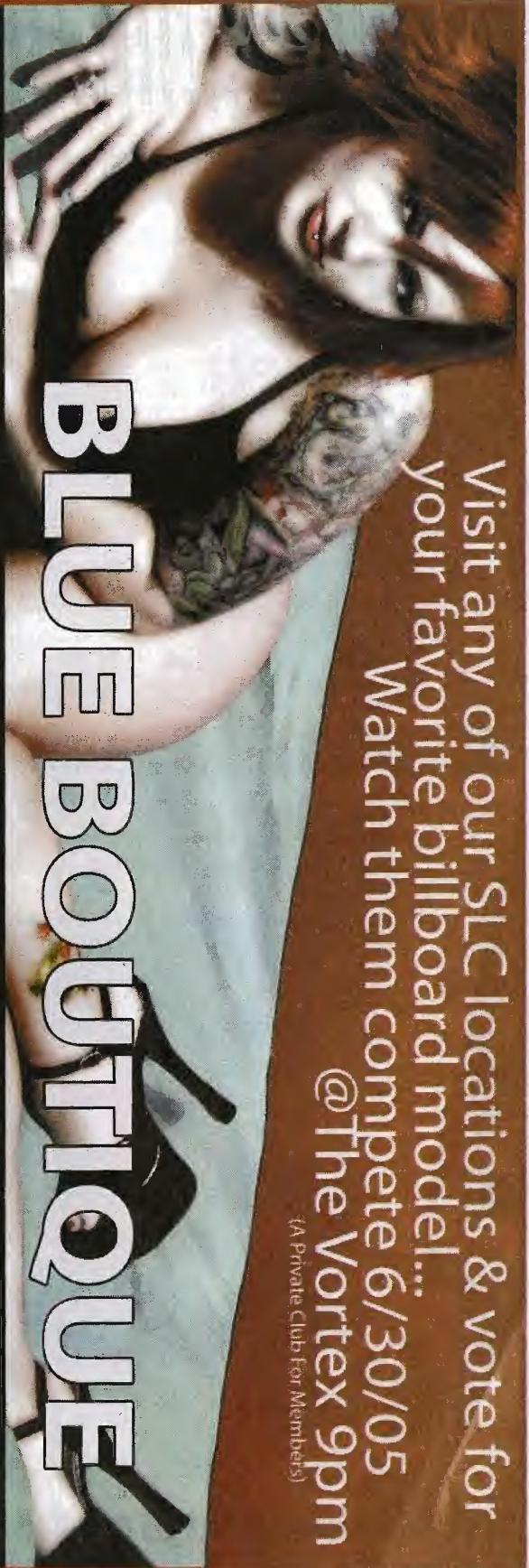
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